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Heavy Metal Vol. II, No. 10 February 1979

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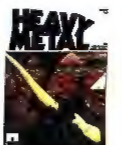

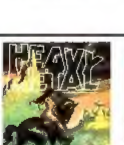

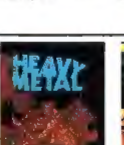

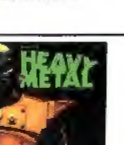

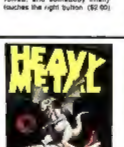

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

HM #1/APRIL, 1977: With Space Punks, the first chapters of Corben's Den and Bodé's Sunpot, an excerpt from the best-selling fantasy novel *The Sword of Shannara*, Harzak, and more. ($5.00)

HM #2/MAY, 1977: Introducing Roger, the paranoid puppet, Virgo, the cosmic maiden, Russian astronauts, Conquering Armies, the ultimate rock festival, while Harzak, Sunpot, and Den continue. ($4.00)

HM #3/JUNE, 1977: Features *Night Images*, poetry by Conan's creator, Robert E. Howard, with illustrations by Corben, Macedo's Rockblitz, the highly praised Shells, the first chapter of Dave's World Apart, more Den, Sunpot, and Harzak. ($3.00)

HM #4/JULY, 1977: Is a must for Moebius fans, with 12 pages of Harzak and his s/f spy saga, The Long Tomorrow, also the end of Sunpot, further adventures of Den, the psychic Nep Simo, and the horrible Gold Queen. ($3.00)

HM #13/APRIL, 1978: Big deal first anniversary issue, with 30-page insert from Paradise 9 by all concerned. Also, amidst the king must die, death's duel, and the undead, Barbarella gives birth. Oh, and the sexual acrobatic epilogue to Den. ($3.00)

HM #14/MAY, 1978: Does in Urm the Mad, locates El Dorado, goes to pieces on a bicycle, buys a cannibal clock, [illegible], and cerebrally tap-dances with Nino. Not to mention Orion and Barbarella. ($3.00)

HM #15/JUNE 1978: This time we go too far. For instance the exotic new Corben, Shahrazad, the neurotic Evolution, the ecstatic More Than Human, the erotic Barbarella, and the erratic Them Changes. And an excerpt from Sabre, and the origins of Heilman... ($3.00)

HM #16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending to Barbarella, a sad ending to 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Gail, the further adventures of Heilman and Orion, More Than Human cont'd, and another piece of the Arabian Nights tale from Corben. ($2.00)

HM #5/AUGUST, 1977: In which the saga of Polonius begins. The Long Tomorrow concludes. World Apart and Den continue, all amidst talking plants, [illegible] puppets, sex, and violence. ($3.00)

HM #6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Galactic Aztecs, cosmic cowboys, hysterical shrubbery, chemically-induced senility, a Moebius space opera, more World Apart, Den, and Polonius, plus a Roger Zelazny short story. ($3.00)

HM #7/OCTOBER, 1977: Packed with knights, ladies, jet pilots, insanity, reincarnation and other harmless pastimes. 10 pages of color Moebius, the Airtight Garage, Den, and Polonius redux, and fiction by Theodore Sturgeon. ($3.00)

HM #8/NOVEMBER, 1977: With new color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, the conclusions of both Polonius and World Apart, exbugs, intellectual mollusks, birth and death stars, and a great new Harlan Ellison story—the heaviest *Heavy Metal* yet! ($3.00)

HM #17/AUGUST, 1978: Looks like more of the same, with Orion, Corben's Arabian Nights, Heilman, and the last More Than Human. Except Druillet's Gail gets going again, the Off-Season starts, cannibal robots get involved, and somebody finally touches the right button. ($2.00)

HM #18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Starring Sindbad the Sailor, Esoral, Queen of the Bubble Women, the Major's fiancee, two off-season detectives, Arcane the Warrior, Heilman, Orion, and Lone Sloane on Gail. Harlan Ellison's sewer full of babies. Plus miscellaneous gags and wheezes. ($2.00)

HM #19/OCTOBER, 1978: All Hallows breaks loose with an excerpt from Dawn of the Dead, the puberty rites of dragons, a zombie android called Exterminator, Ellison's Glass Goblin illustrated, and the onset of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous. More eerie exploits of heros Sindbad, Gail, and Orion. ($2.00)

HM #20/NOVEMBER, 1978: A full 20-page excerpt from the Chaykin/Delany *Empire*, while Sindbad's dragon explodes, the Exterminator escapes, Sloane makes war, the Sad Man disappears, Grubert arrives too late, and Heilman is reborn for the final time. So Beautiful, So Dangerous, part two, and more Diabolical Planet. ($2.00)

HM #9/DECEMBER, 1977: This time, went up to 104 pages to bring you the complete saga of Druillet's anti-hero, Vuzz, a chapter from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein, in addition to full color contributions from regulars Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius. ($3.00)

HM #10/JANUARY, 1978: We got Morrow to illustrate Zelazny, we got Lob and Pichard to update Ulysses, we got Meehan to do a *Heavy Metal* calendar girl, we concluded Conquering Armies, and continued Den. Of course, you knew about the Incas, fog fights, and the time warp. ($3.00)

HM #11/FEBRUARY, 1978: Wherein begin the new adventures of Barbarella, ruined to her enemies and nude to her friends, and of Urm the Fool in his quest for revenge. Wraparound cover and center spread by Nino. A trip to Venus, the Crusader and the Witch, and Moebius down the rabbit hole. With the usual unusual like Den. ($3.00)

HM #12/MARCH, 1978: In which we learn the evils of witch-hunts and the perils of witchcraft, the problems of mass transit, and the dangers of hitchhiking. Plus, the last swashbuckling episode of Orion. More Barbarella. More Urm. And still more Den. ($3.00)

HM #21/DECEMBER, 1978: Putting the Easter bunny back into Xmas, and wrapping up Orion and Off-Season, with sinister Tarot greeting cards, wreaths and wraiths, crèches crashed, and a pretty for you—a 12-page Moebius murder yarn. ($2.00)

HM #22/JANUARY, 1979: This one's full of elephants, for some reason. Plus our first Trina, and a pinup, and Gail's shoot-em-up finale. Some decapitation, a space siren, and the android takes over the ship. More Moria and Corben. Whaddaya want? ($2.00)

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COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

...ETC...
...ETC...

Illustration by Dan Pinto

Perhaps it is time to remind you that *Heavy Metal* is taken, in large part, from a French publication called *Metal Hurlant*. We thought everyone knew that, or at least everyone who cared about it knew, but the bulk of recent letters (see Chain Mail) have taken us to task for our awful editorial choices. The guy in the corner liquor store ain't responsible for what's in the wine bottles, folks. Blame the French. Or thank them. All we're doing is upsetting the balance of trade.

This month's bundle of pages from France contained, as you will see, gentle reader, many tales without words. Silent comics. A gold mime. The translators were duly grateful, and dedicate this issue to Marcel Marceau.

To satisfy those of you with a jones for the linear, we have added the first chapter of an illustrated serial novel, *Starstorm*, wherein words abound.

"Galactic Geographic," a feature missing from the last few issues, is back by popular demand. The saga of the star-nosed moles is in here because some of us like it a lot.

Next month, unless something awful happens, we will bring you a vast hunk of the forthcoming illustrated version of Alfred Bester's *The Stars My Destination*. Renowned anti-fascist Howie Chaykin provides the art. It's pretty good, for a classic.

And gazing, as science fiction folks are supposed to do, into the future, we look forward to bringing you a preview of what promises to be the best SF movie ever, *Alien*.

Meanwhile, snuggle up to your speakers and follow the adventures of McKie's Beautiful and Dangerous stellar tourists, Corben's Sindbad, Moebius's Major, and all our other pals, to the tune of your favorite tune.

An unsolicited plug...

Red, Yellow, Orange, Green, Blue, Indigo, and Violet. Seven crafty goblins who terrorize rainbows in Ulf de Rico's fantasy *The Rainbow Goblins*. Published this past fall by Thames and Hudson, de Rico's glorious illustrations, accompanied by his charming text, produce what we feel to be one of the finest fantasy books published since Rackham was around drawing bogies and fairies!!!

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AAAA!
KLATCH
GRAREEEAAAK
Which of you is . . . Sindbad?
New Tales of the Arabian Nights
Sindbad in the Land of the Jinn
©1978 Richard Corben & Jan Strnad

I'm Sindbad . . .
And I am Ali Ben-Abda, your host. Ketra is honored by your presence.
Now if you'll follow me, we shall discuss your situation . . . over **dinner.**
Sindbad!
Take care in what you eat—some of our party are missing.

You've told me a fascinating tale, Sindbad. I'm sorry about your wife. Are you certain you'll not taste the meat?
Where are Akissa and the others? What do you want with me?

You may see them again. But first, I too have a story to relate.

"Let me tell you of the **old** Ketra,
the **great** Ketra of so short a time ago!"

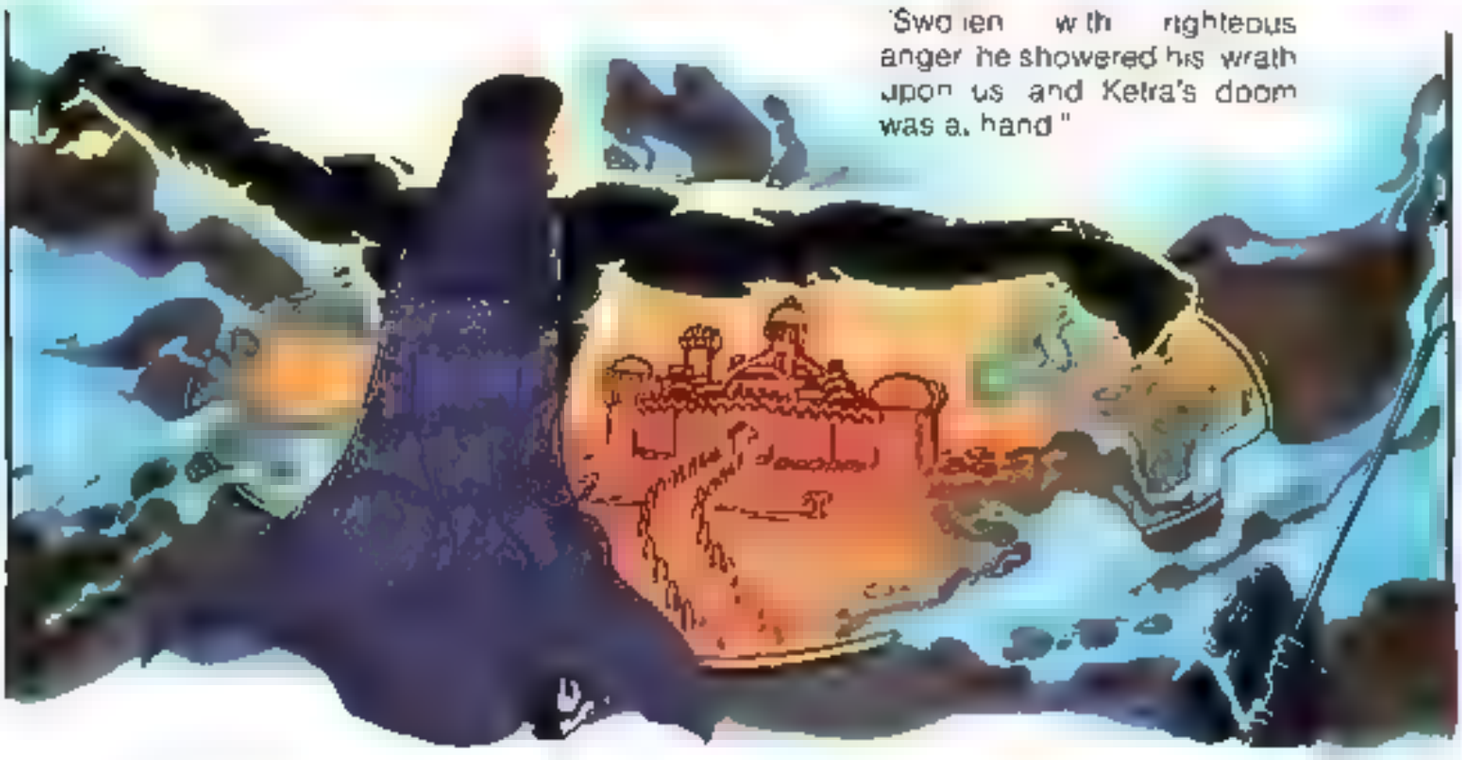
"The city was a living monument to passion—a constant celebration of the flesh, of sin, intoxicants and thick, warm aphrodisiacs.
"Nothing was forbidden! The scent of oiled sweating bodies drifted on every breeze!"
"Fortunes were won, lost, and stolen. Questing tongues sought pleasure along every expanse of skin, at every fold, in every crevice! Ketra was **alive!**"

Know Sindbad, that above and below this seething orgy of life I ruled But I led my people quietly with the hand of a father My very presence was hardly felt "

" except, of course, by the unfortunate traveler who arrived when my belly and larders were empty "

"But a few of Keira's visitors were jealous of my city's happy state and vile rumors were spread "

" even ly to reach the ears of t elf-proclaimed King of Jinn Zul Janafawn was not pleased."


"Swo len w th ighteous anger he showered his wrath upon us and Keira's doom was a hand "

"In the space of a heartbeat
Xetra was smitten and uprooted "

" and the floating statues were left
as an admonition to unwary travelers "

So you fed on your own people until only your army of corpses remained to serve you

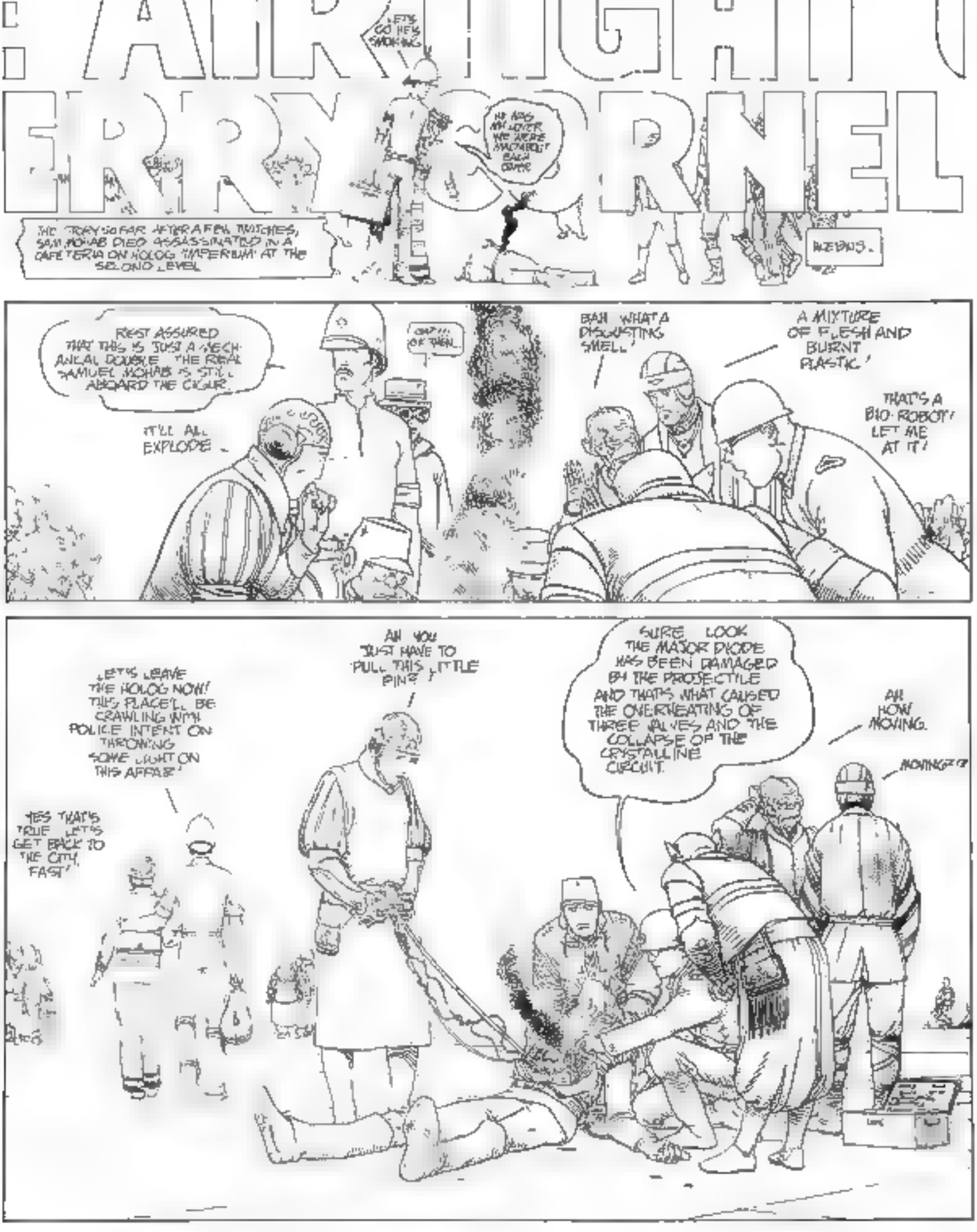
Correct Of course I could leave at any time—but there's so much **packing** to do arrangements to be made you understand
Meanwhile I want to hear about all your adventures. And then

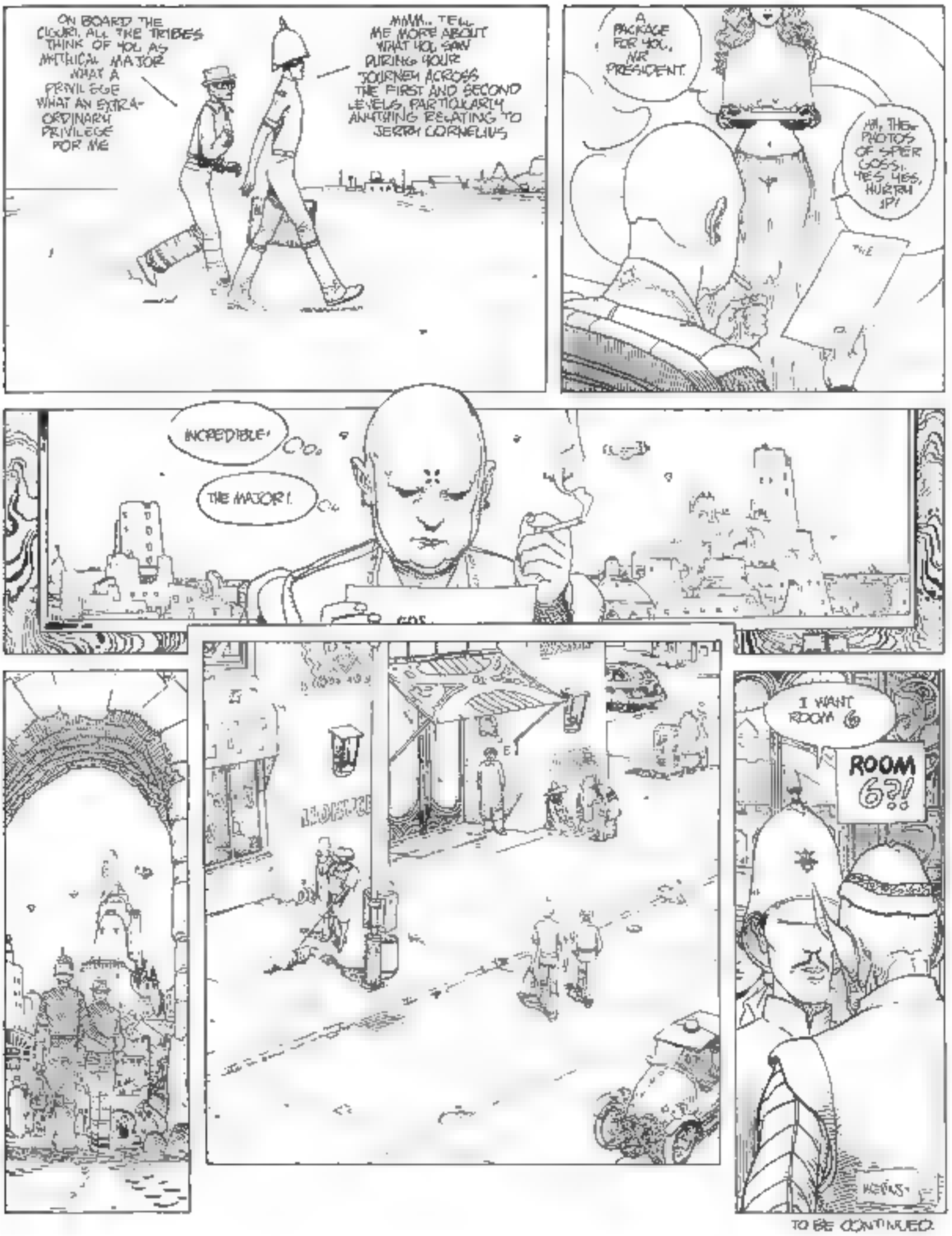
SLURPSH
GULK

then you and declare war on Zu'l Banahayn!
to be continued

AIRTIGHT

ERRYCORNEL


LET'S GO HE'S SMOKING.
HE HAD AN ULCER. WE WERE AMAZED EACH OTHER
THE STORY SO FAR: AFTER A FEW SKIRMISHES, SAM KOHAB DIED ASSASSINATED IN A CAFETERIA ON HOLOG 'IMPERIUM' AT THE SECOND LEVEL
WEIRD.
REST ASSURED THAT THIS IS JUST A MECHANICAL DOUBLE. THE REAL SAMUEL KOHAB IS STILL ABOARD THE CIGAR.
IT'LL ALL EXPLODE.
OH!!! OF THEM.
BAH! WHAT A DISGUSTING SMELL!
A MIXTURE OF FLESH AND BURNT PLASTIC!
THAT'S A BIO-ROBOT! LET ME AT IT!
LET'S LEAVE THE HOLOG NOW! THIS PLACE'LL BE CRAWLING WITH POLICE INTENT ON THROWING SOME LIGHT ON THIS AFFAIR!
YES THAT'S TRUE. LET'S GET BACK TO THE CITY, FAST!
AH! YOU JUST HAVE TO PULL THIS LITTLE PIN?
SURE. LOOK. THE MAJOR DIODE HAS BEEN DAMAGED BY THE PROJECTILE AND THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE OVERHEATING OF THREE VALVES AND THE COLLAPSE OF THE CRYSTALLINE CIRCUIT.
AH! NOW MOVING.
MOVING?!?


ON BOARD THE CLOUDI, ALL THE TRIBES THINK OF YOU AS MYTHICAL MAJOR WHAT A PRIVILEGE WHAT AN EXTRA-ORDINARY PRIVILEGE FOR ME
MMM.. TELL ME MORE ABOUT WHAT YOU SAW DURING YOUR JOURNEY ACROSS THE FIRST AND SECOND LEVELS, PARTICULARLY ANYTHING RELATING TO JERRY CORNELIUS
A PACKAGE FOR YOU, MR PRESIDENT.
AH, THE PHOTOS OF SPIER GOSSI. YES YES, HURRY UP!
INCREDIBLE!
THE MAJOR!
I WANT ROOM 6
ROOM 6?!
TO BE CONTINUED

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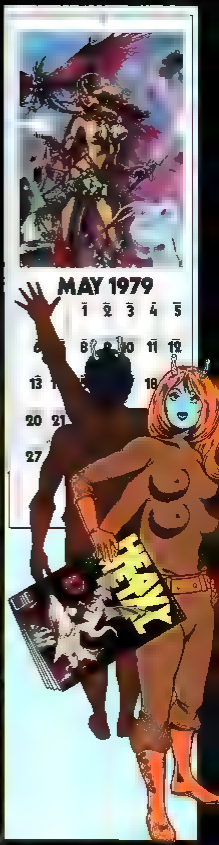

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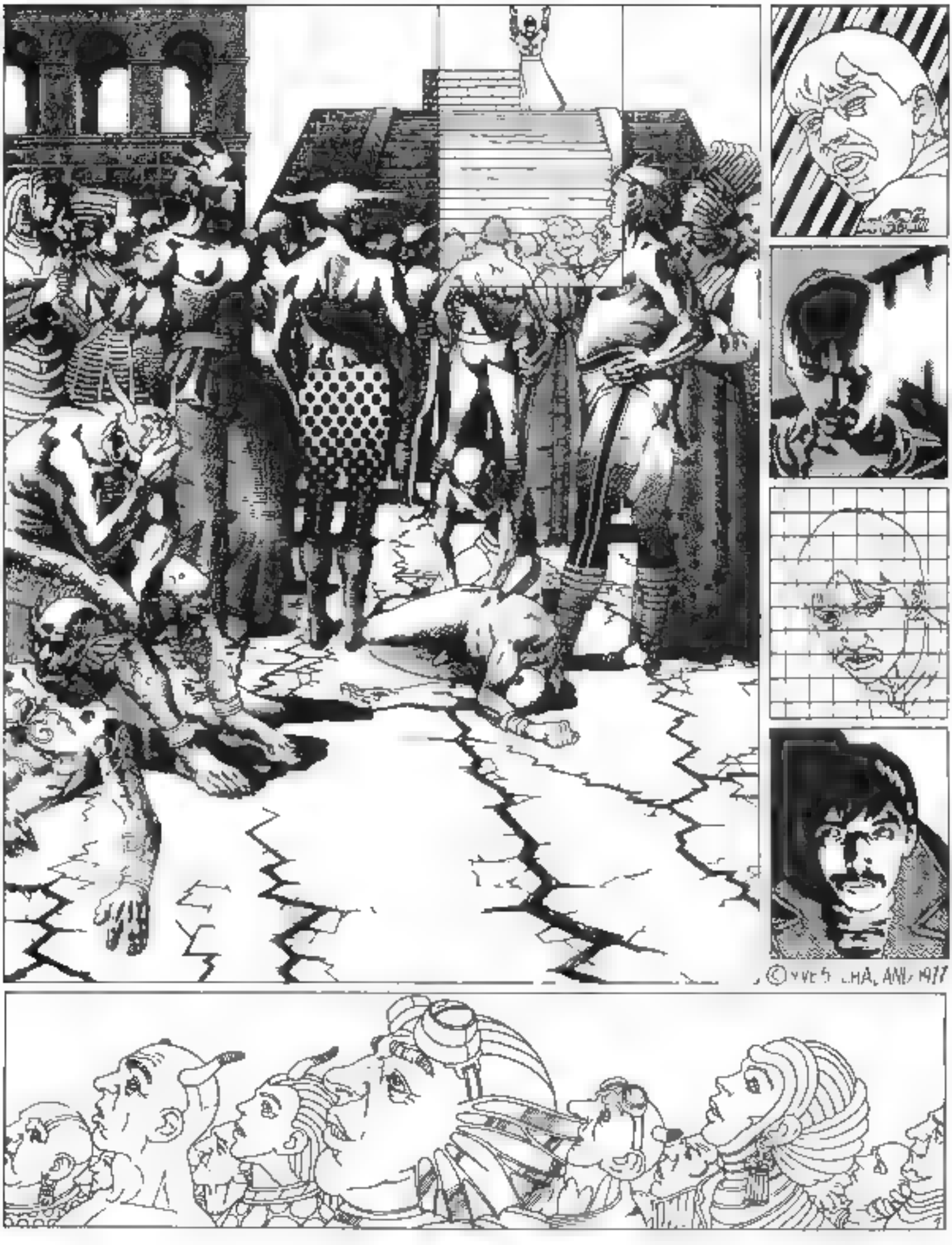
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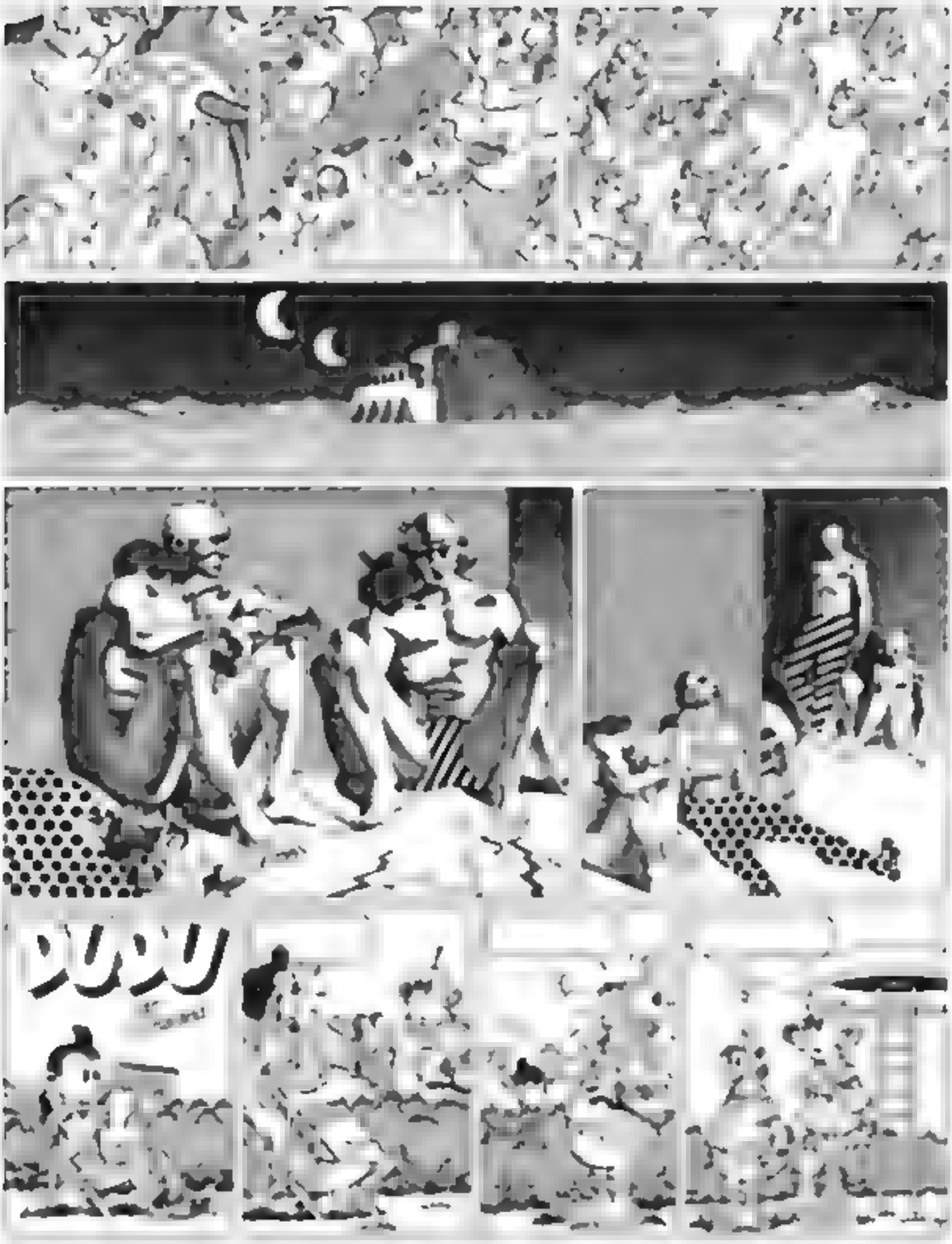
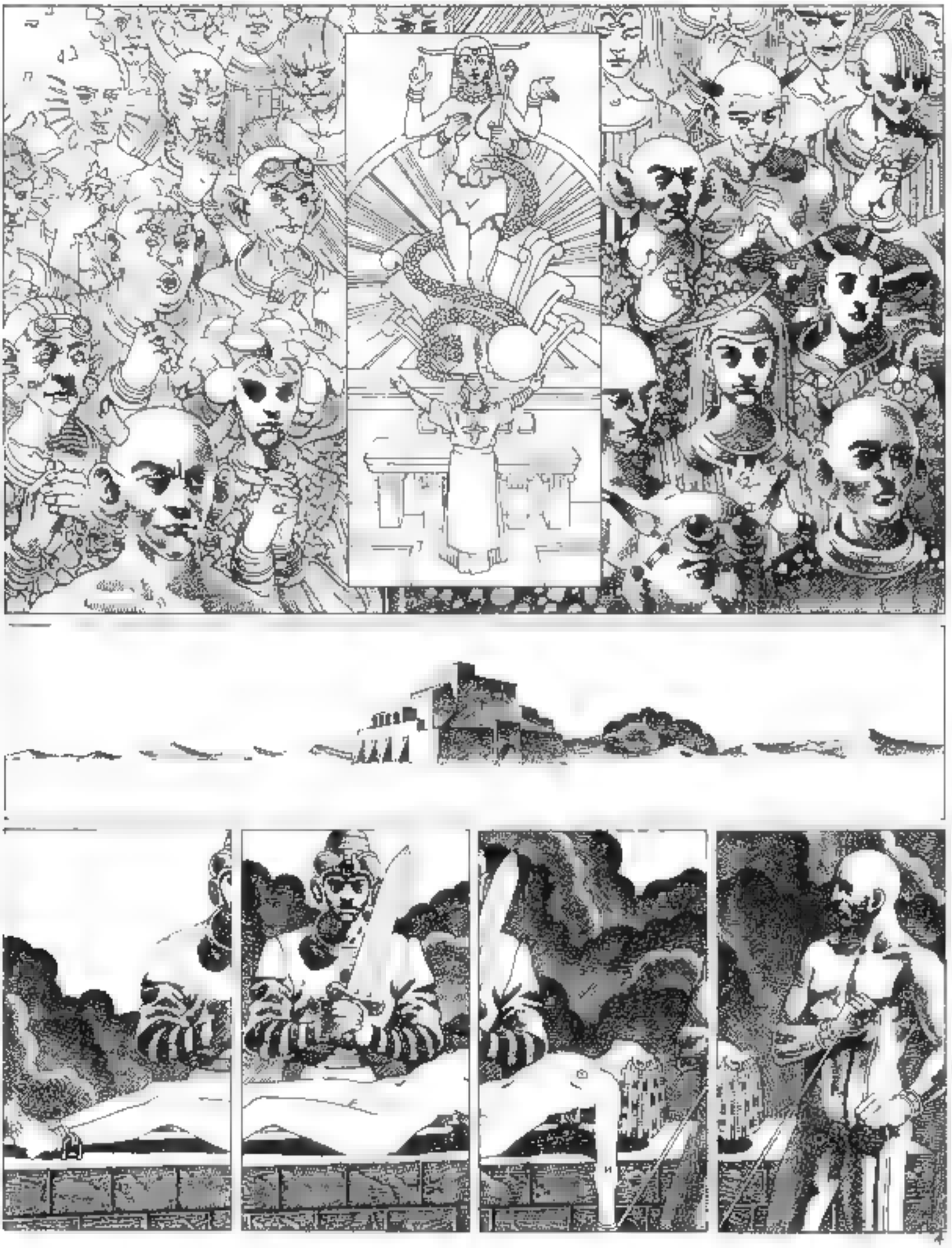
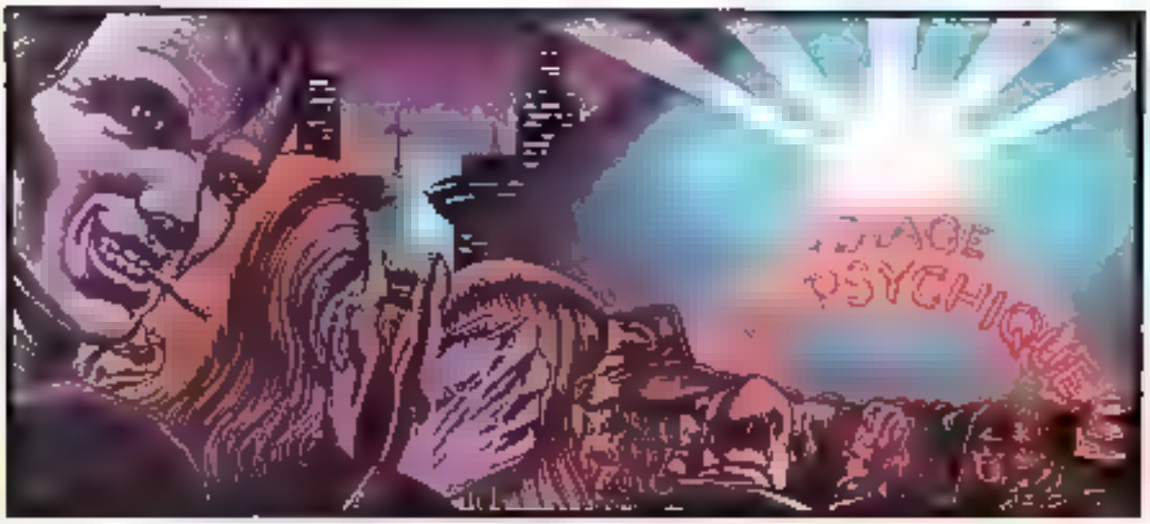


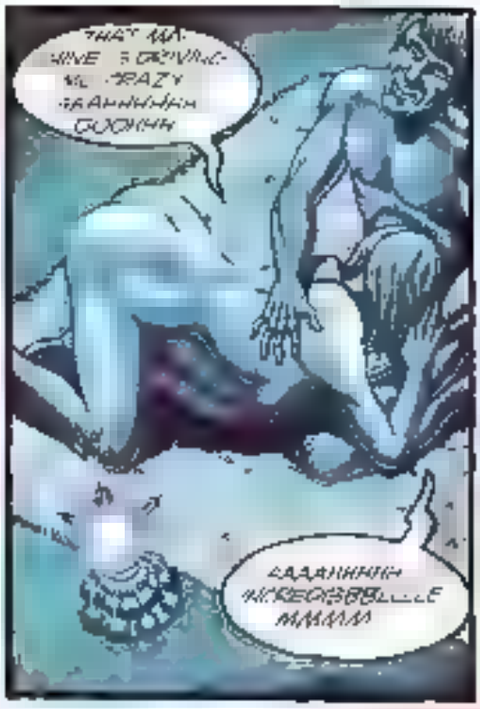


HURRY! HURRY! GET YOUR PARAPSYCHIC MINI-MACHINE!! EACH MODEL COMES WITH AN INSTRUCTION MANUAL AND A YEAR'S GUARANTEE.
TELE
4TH EPISO
THE CROWD'S BEEN HYPNOTIZED. THIS SEANCE IS JUST A BRAIN WASHING
MY HEAD FEELS SO HEAVY
THE WAVES OF THAT PARAPSYCHIC MACHINE HAVE A STRANGE POWER! THEY FREE PEOPLE FROM PRESSURE, BUT ABSORB SO MUCH OF THEIR PSYCHIC ENERGY!
MUST BE AN AMAZING MIND BEHIND THIS GANG OF ROBOTS.
WHAT
YES, MASTER
I HAVE THE IMPRESSION SOME THING VERY HEAVY IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN IN THE
YOU COULD BE RIGHT! COME ON, MY OLD PAL, LET'S WARN OUR FRIENDS. WE'LL MEET TOMORROW. ARE PART DISCOVERY
CALYPSO
TOK

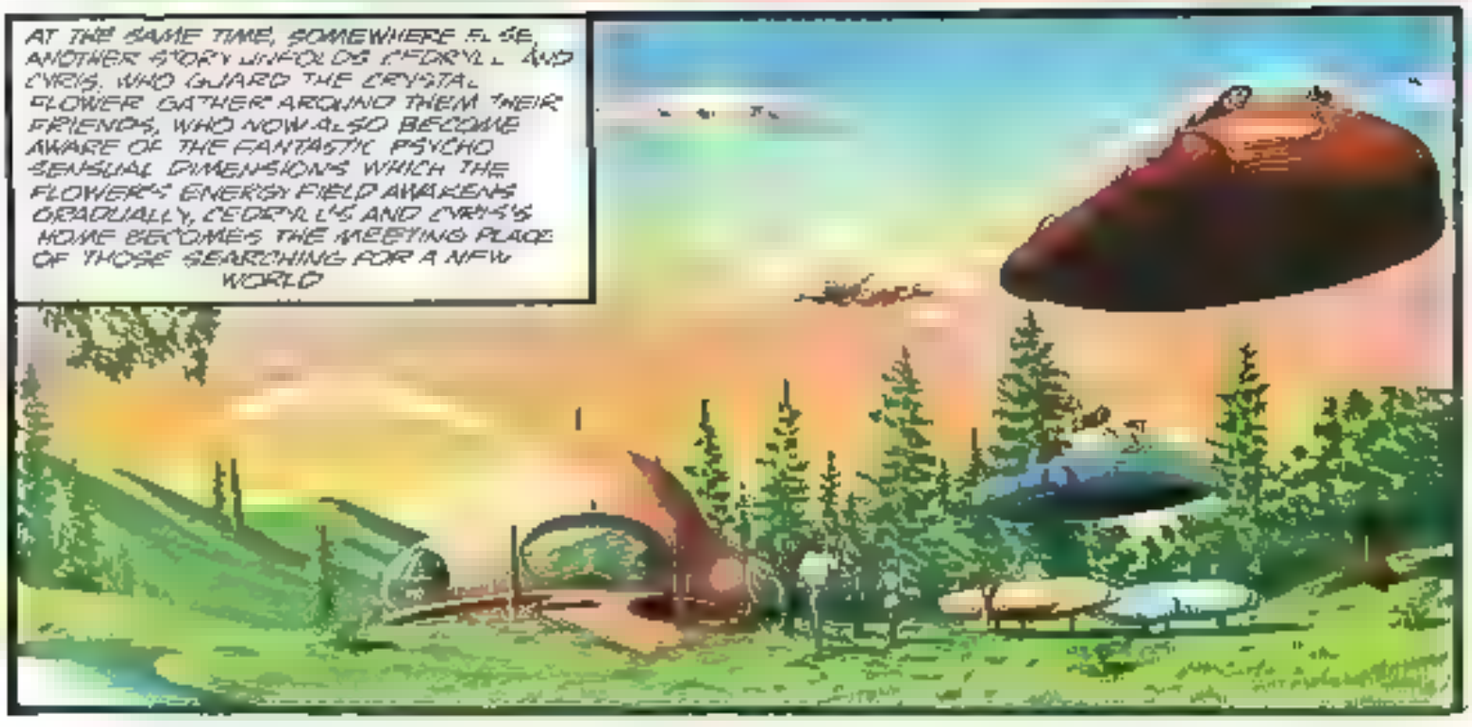
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE PARA-PSYCHIC TRIP BECAME ALL THE RAGE IN METROPOLIS 6. EVERY DAY AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE FILLS THE ROOM WHERE THE SEANCES FOLLOW EACH OTHER NONSTOP. THE SALE OF PARAPSYCHIC MIND-MACHINES INCREASES UNABATED



AND A NEW FAD SEEMS TO BE CATCHING ON THE WAVES OF THE STRANGE MACHINE



THE PIG IS WINNING OVER THE SYMPATHIES OF THE PROLES ! HIS ROBOTS OFTEN GO TO THE FACTORIES IN METROPOLIS & AND GIVE AWAY FREE TICKETS TO HIS CRAZY SPECTACLE
HE MUST BE A F.A.C.M.O. AGENT ! YOU KNOW THAT CHEF HE HAD BUILT A REAL BUNKER ! GUARDED DAY AND NIGHT BY HIS DAMNED ROBOTS. DISCOVER THE SECRET OF HIS FILTHY PLAN
AND


AT THE SAME TIME, SOMEWHERE ELSE, ANOTHER STORY UNFOLDS. CEDRYLL AND CYRIS, WHO GUARD THE CRYSTAL FLOWER GATHER AROUND THEM THEIR FRIENDS, WHO NOW ALSO BECOME AWARE OF THE FANTASTIC PSYCHO SENSUAL DIMENSIONS WHICH THE FLOWER'S ENERGY FIELD AWAKENS GRADUALLY, CEDRYLL'S AND CYRIS'S HOME BECOMES THE MEETING PLACE OF THOSE SEARCHING FOR A NEW WORLD

THE PSYCHIC TRIP GENERATED BY THIS CRYSTAL FLOWER IS SO PURE, MAN! WHILE THE POPULATION OF METROPOLIS TURNS INTO MORONS, WE'RE MAKING CONTACT WITH FANTASTIC ENERGY FIELDS!
WE'RE SO LUCKY THAT THE GALACTIC INTELLIGENCES GAVE US THIS GIFT!
I MUST BECOME LIKE A NUCLEUS FOR US, ALLOWING US TO REMAIN STABLE IN THE FACE OF THE DESTRUCTIVE FORCES OVERWHELMING SOCIETY. WE WILL ACHIEVE OUR IDEA OF A COMMUNITY AND WE WILL BE ABLE TO CREATE A PERMANENT CONTACT WITH THE COSMOS.
BUT I'M STILL PRETTY DISTURBED
BECAUSE OF STELLA YOU KNOW, IN THE PAST, SHE USED TO SHOOT UP
THE LAST TIME I SAW HER, SHE WAS TOTALLY STRUNG OUT
NO I'VE GOT TO SPLIT RIGHT NOW MY MASTER'S WAITING FOR ME
BU
SHE'D FALLEN BACK INTO THE HABIT OF USING HARD DRUGS. IT'S DISGUSTING. KILLING YOURSELF LIKE THAT. I LOVE THAT CHICK A LOT!
RIGHT ON! I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU THAT CYRIS JUST WENT INTO METROPOLIS TO SEE HER. YOU KNOW THEY'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME
STREET 73? ... BEEN ... SINCE STELLA ... EXPLAINED. I WOULD REALLY LIKE TO KNOW WHERE SHE'S AT

AH! THERE'S STELLA! SHE SEEMS REALLY OUT OF IT!
STELLA, WHAT'S HAPPENING.
GET LOST! MY MASTER'S CALLING ME! I HAVE TO GET TO HIM
WOW! WEIRD CHICK! AND WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THIS MASTER?
DON'T GET STELLA'S REACTION AT ALL. SHE SEEMED HYPNO-TIZED. THAT AEROCAR LOOKS SUSPICIOUS TO ME. BETTER FOLLOW!
[illegible] GETS OFF IN HER AERO-MOTOR IN HOT PURSUIT OF THE BLACK AERO-CAR!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER THE TWO VEHICLES ARE OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS.

WOW. THAT'S THE MYSTERIOUS BARON VON HELSINKE'S PLACE! BRRR! BAD VIBES!
CCEEKKEEK JUPITER I'M BEING ATTACKED
KRAK!
OH! MY GOD

SPLASH!

THE GROTESQUE CREATURE FORCES CYRA TO ENTER THE SINISTER BUILDING
THE VIBES AND THE ENERGY IN THIS PLACE ARE BAD NEWS. I CAN'T STAND IT! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW!
HEY!
POW!
POW!
RIIING!
POW!
RIIINGG!
SLAM!
TO BE CONTINUED

You've seen the movie! You've read the book! Now you can read the shirts!

Illustration by Joe Eisen

What else? From the *National Lampoon*, one of the world's great hunters of your loose bucks, comes the T-shirt and the "softball" shirt from the first *Next Level* film *National Lampoon's Animal House*.

Now you can wear the glorious *Animal House* softball shirt with half-length sleeves in blushing crimson to go along with the flaming *N.L.A.H.* logo on the front and the statement on the back that gives you complete license to enjoy yourself. "We're college students *and* we can do anything we want!" And listen, you *don't* have to be college students to wear the shirt. You can be sixteen or sixty, semiliterate or just a dropout or never-went. Like the guy who wrote this adv. who cares. We'll sell you anything.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton $6.00 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for postage and handling.

Or you, you lucky individual you, can buy and wear the *National Lampoon's Animal House* Delta shirt with caricatures of Bluto, Otter, Pinto, the entire "unholy seven" who help make *Animal House* the funniest movie since *Getting Gertie's Garter*. Comes in flaming orange with black caricatures and red and black lettering or in your basic beige with the same trimmings. On the back is the brilliantly conceived slogan. "It was the Deltas against the rules—the rules lost!" This slogan received first prize at the American Slogan Contest held only this past July in Boise, Idaho, the slogan capital of America.

Made from 100 percent machine washable cotton. $4.95 each in large, medium, or small, plus 60 cents for handling. Make sure to indicate color in addition to small, medium, or large.

National Lampoon, Inc., Dept. HM279
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

JOIN THE HOUSE.

Yes, I would like to join the house. Please send me the T-shirts I have checked below.
New York City residents, please add 8% sales tax. New York State residents, please add 6% sales tax.

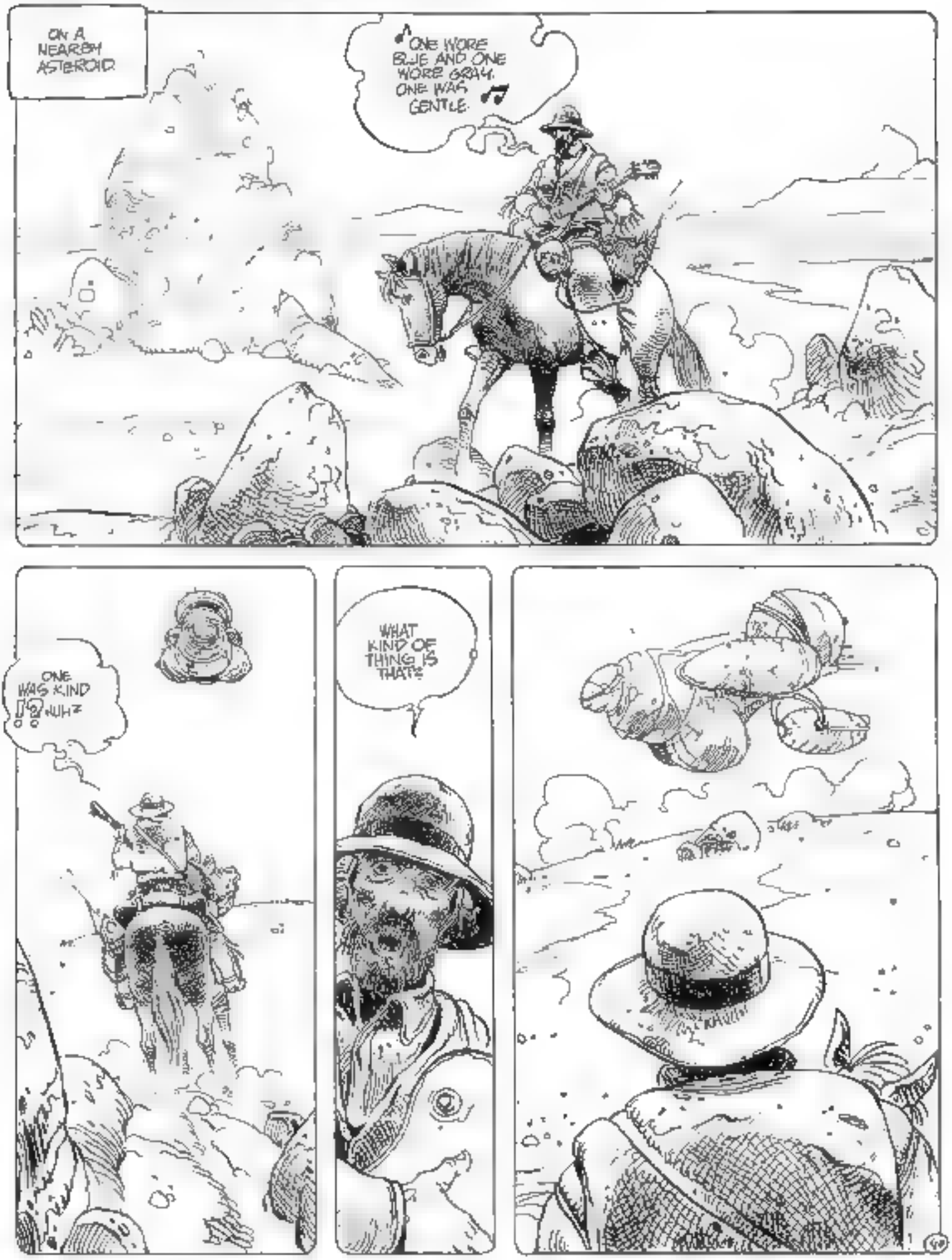
Animal House Softball shirt at $6.00.
Check ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large

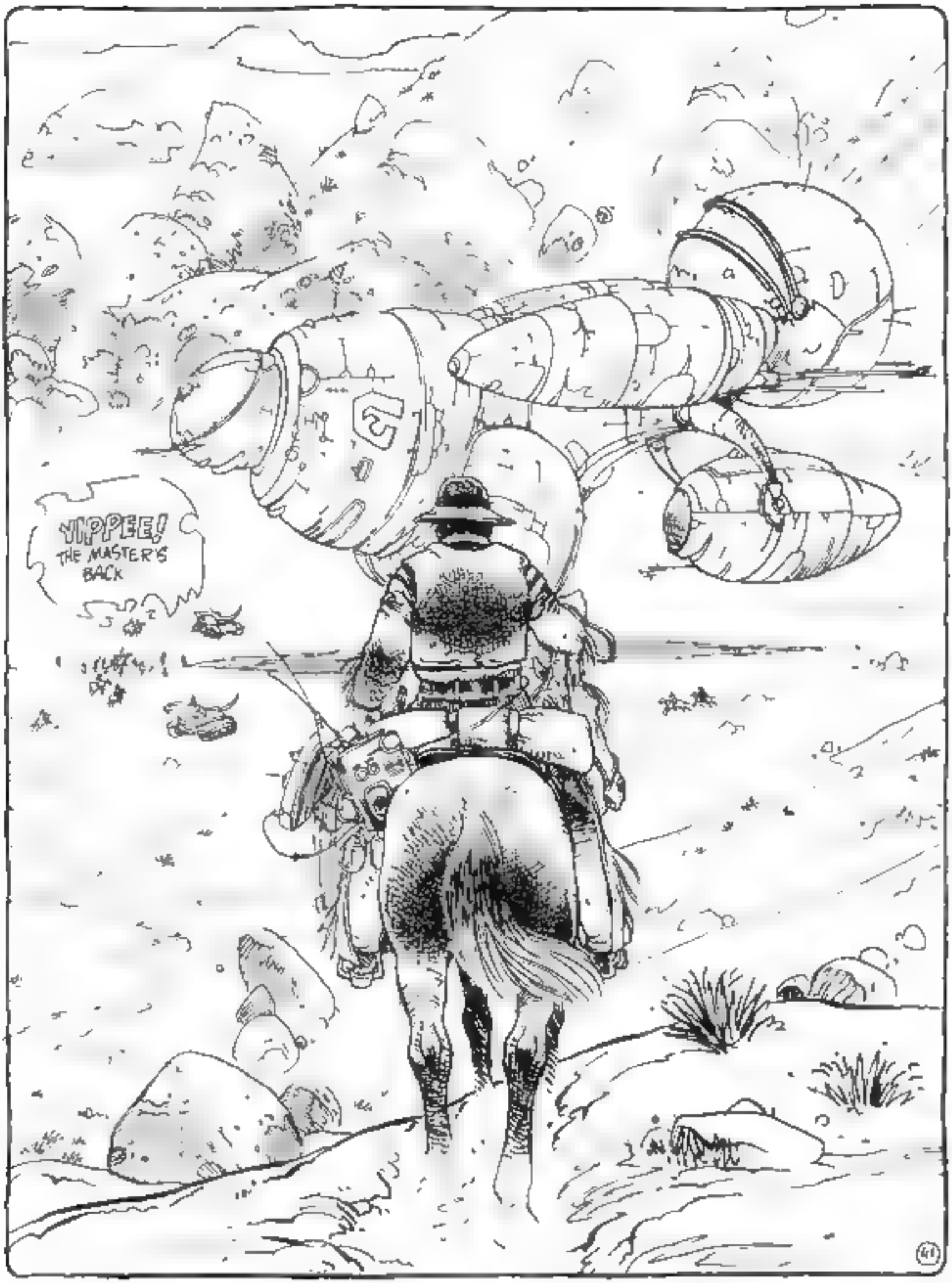
Animal House Delta shirt at $4.95
Check ☐ small ☐ medium ☐ large
Indicate orange or beige_____

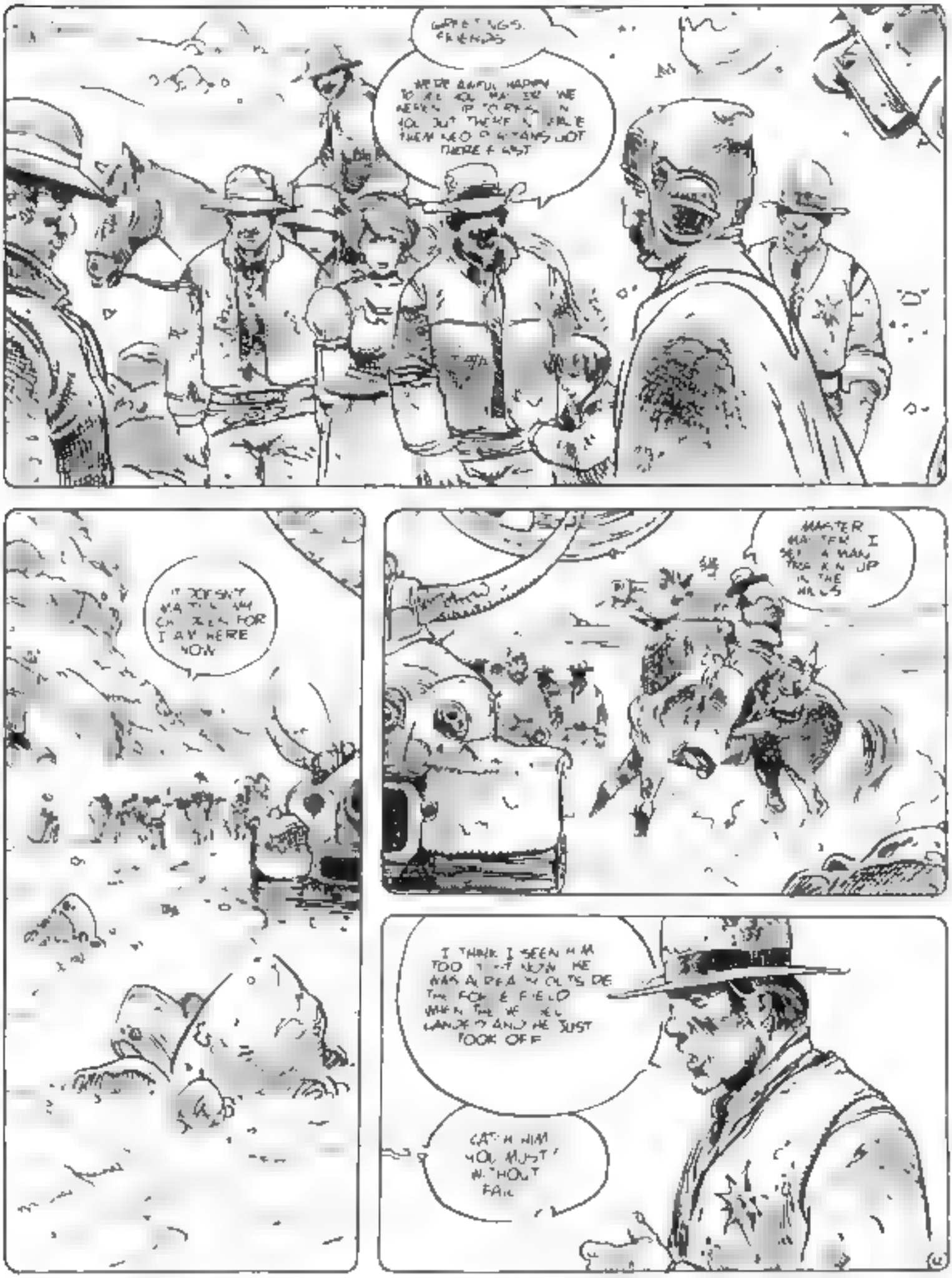
(Please include 60 cents for postage and handling for each shirt.

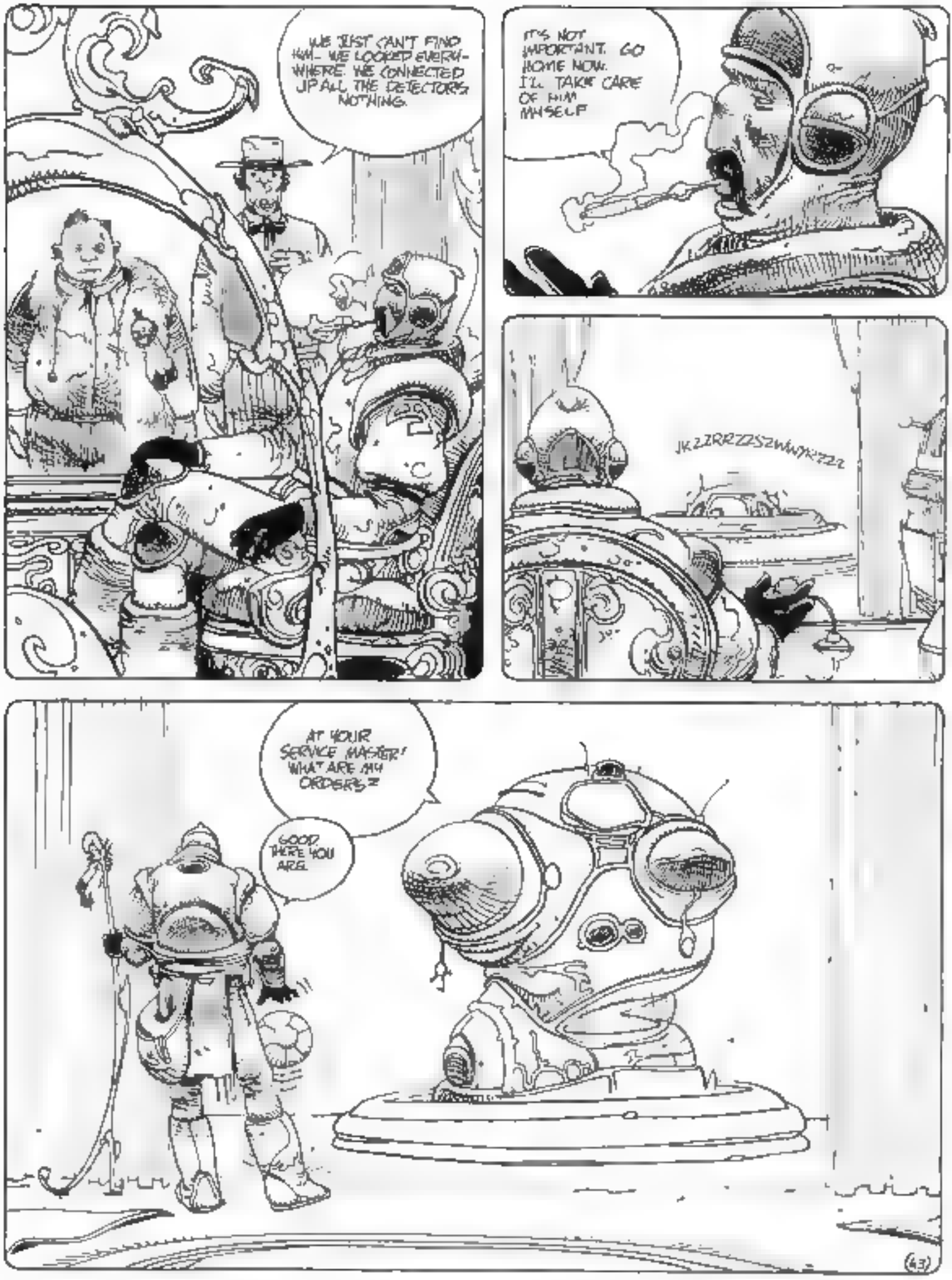
Name_____
(please print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

EXTERMINATOR 17.

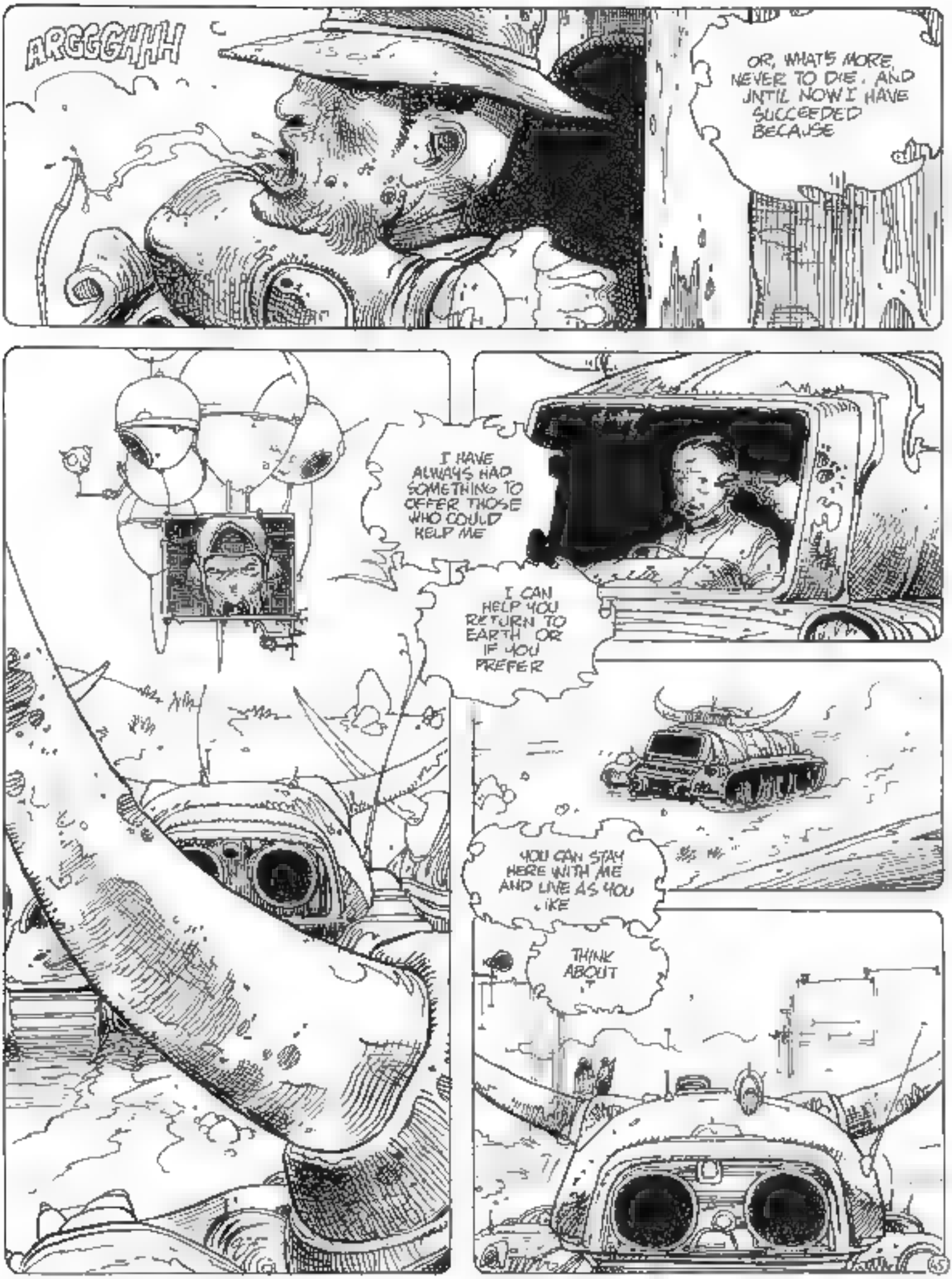



YIPPEE!
THE MASTER'S
BACK


GREETINGS, FRIENDS
WE'RE AWFUL HAPPY TO SEE YOU MAYBE WE NEEDN'T TO BE IN YOU BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WE'VE GOT THERE'S LOST
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I'M LOOKIN FOR I'M HERE NOW
MASTER MASTER I SEE A MAN RISEN UP IN THE HILLS
I THINK I SEEN HIM TOO JUST NOW HE WAS ALREADY OUTSIDE THE FORCE FIELD WHEN THE WE SEE LANDED AND HE JUST TOOK OFF
CATCH HIM YOU MUST WITHOUT FAIL


WE JUST CAN'T FIND HIM. WE LOOKED EVERYWHERE. WE CONNECTED UP ALL THE DETECTORS. NOTHING.
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT. GO HOME NOW. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM MYSELF
JKZZRRZZSZWWKRZZZ
AT YOUR SERVICE MASTER! WHAT ARE MY ORDERS?
GOOD THERE YOU ARE.
43

EXTERMINATOR 17!
LISTEN TO ME, WHEREVER YOU ARE! THIS IS CLETON SPEAKING! I WILL EXPLAIN ALL
YES, I TRIED TO
AND MY NAME S NOT CLETON
I AM AN OLD MAN ECCENTRIC AND EGOTISTICAL AND I ONLY HAD ONE GOAL TO LIVE ETERNALLY!


ARGGHHH
OR, WHAT'S MORE, NEVER TO DIE. AND UNTIL NOW I HAVE SUCCEEDED BECAUSE
I HAVE ALWAYS HAD SOMETHING TO OFFER THOSE WHO COULD HELP ME
I CAN HELP YOU RETURN TO EARTH OR IF YOU PREFER
YOU CAN STAY HERE WITH ME AND LIVE AS YOU LIKE
THINK ABOUT IT
45

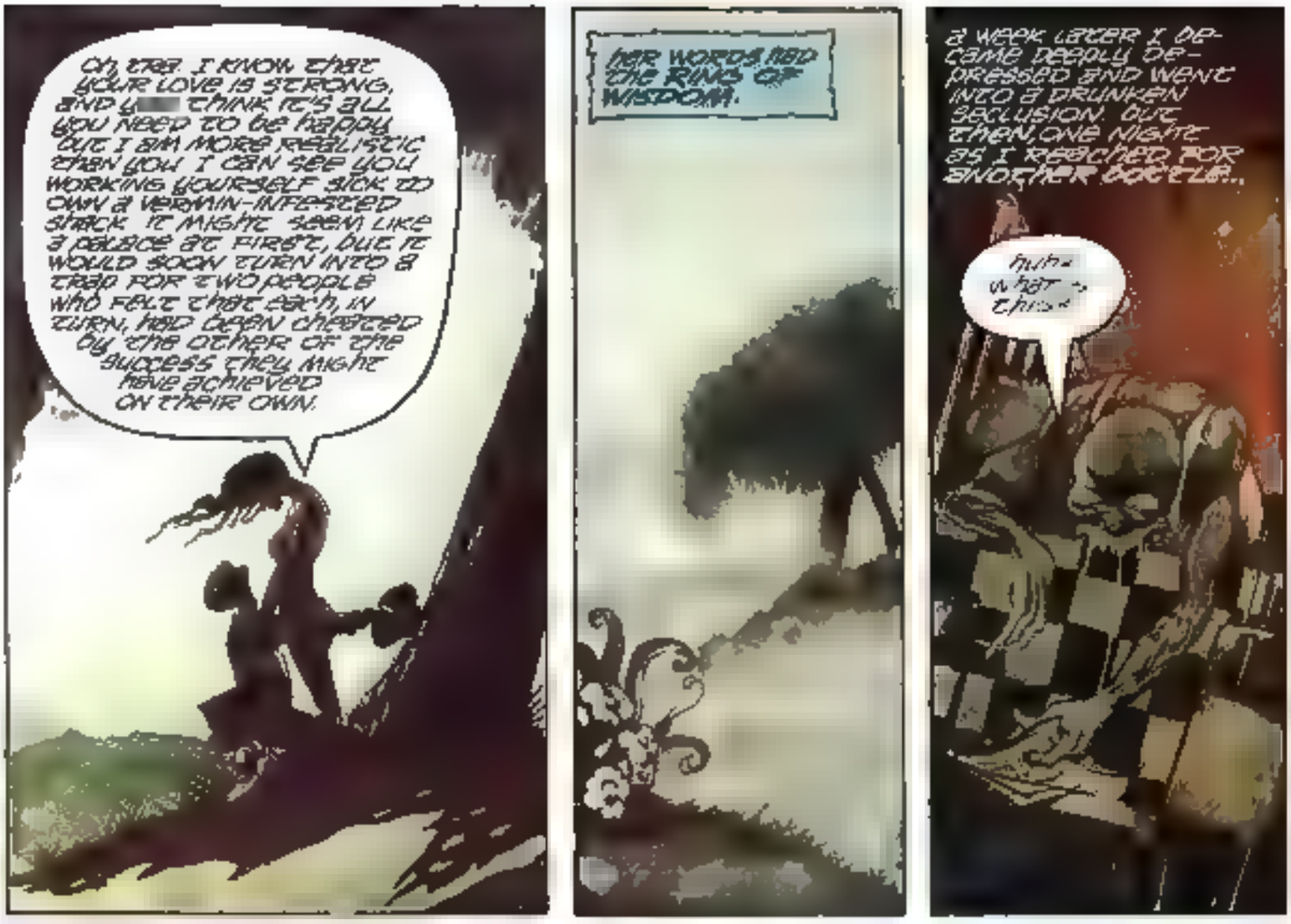
FOR THE WORLD IS SMALL
AND
WHATEVER HAPPENS
I WILL FIND YOU AGAIN
PFFFF I WONDER WHERE I CAN LAND THIS THING
I HAVE NO REGRETS ABOUT THEIR SENDING THOSE CRAZY NEO-PURITANS BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM

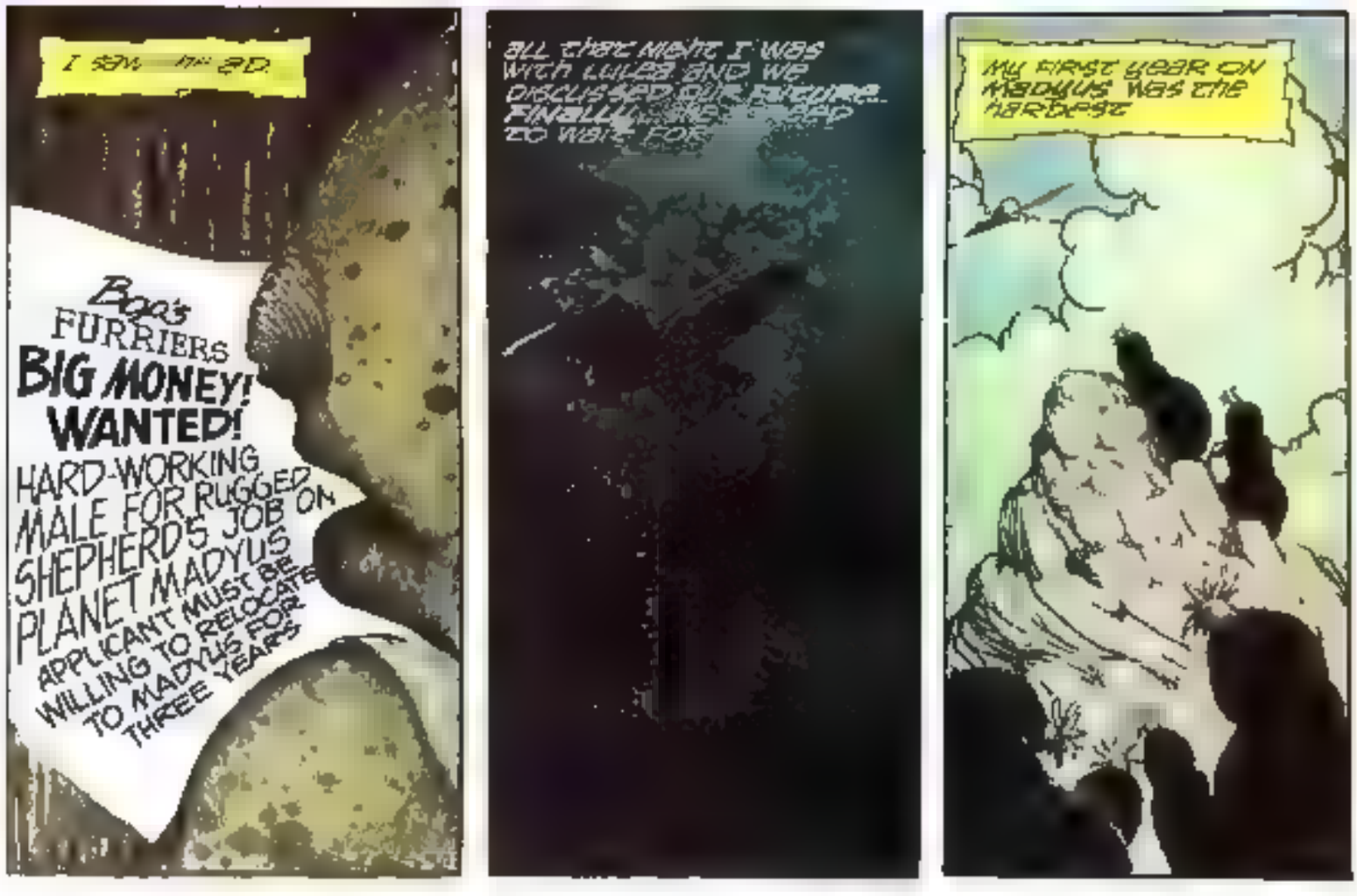
STORY DIONNET ART BILAL TO BE CONTINUED

the three suns of uranus that were setting over the distant hills brought a close to the last day I would ever spend on this accursed planet
as the glowering crescent of the last sun disappeared into the mountain, it all came back to me.

it seemed like only yesterday that I was back on my home planet in the arms of my beloved lulea. ah.. lulea.. whose hair blew in the wind like the giant willow... whose warm, perfumed body was the inspiration of my very existence. it was all for her.. these last three gruelling years. I remember the last day I saw her...

you know that I want you more than the stars.
but what kind of life could we make for ourselves on the salary you are now making?
but lulea, I love you so much why do you refuse me? I need you.
lulea
JULY 1977


Oh Ted. I know that your love is strong, and I think it's all you need to be happy but I am more realistic than you I can see you working yourself sick to own a vermin-infested shack. It might seem like a palace at first, but it would soon turn into a trap for two people who felt that each, in turn, had been cheated by the other of the success they might have achieved on their own.
Her words had the ring of wisdom.
A week later I became deeply depressed and went into a drunken seclusion. But then, one night as I reached for another bottle...
Huh? What's this?


I sent in my ad.
Bog's FURRIERS
BIG MONEY!
WANTED!
HARD-WORKING MALE FOR RUGGED SHEPHERD'S JOB ON PLANET MADYUS
APPLICANT MUST BE WILLING TO RELOCATE TO MADYUS FOR THREE YEARS
All that night I was with Lulea and we discussed our future. Finally we agreed to wait for
My first year on Madyus was the harvest

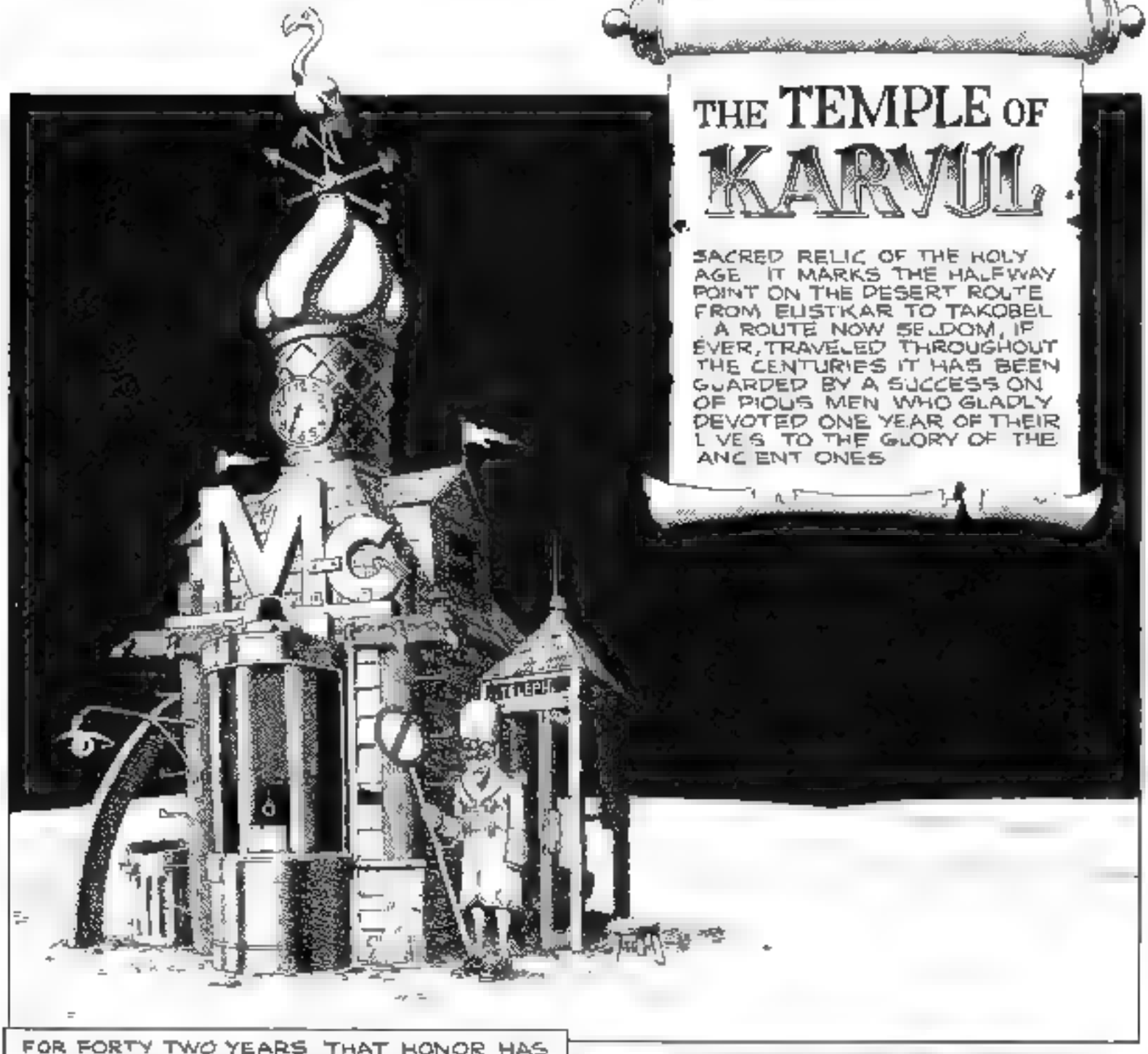
AT FIRST I FOUND THE RUNNING STENCH AND ORALLY APPEARANCE OF MY FLOCK REVOLTING, BUT MY SENSES SOON MADE THE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS.
GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP
GLOOP
THE WINTER RAINS DAMPENED MY THICKEST CLOTHING
BUT BY FAR, THE DESOLATE LONELINESS WORE MOST ON MY EXISTENCE. ONLY THE MOLES AND I LIVED ON MADAUS, AND THE MOTHERSHIP CAME ONLY ONCE A YEAR TO HARVEST THE MOLES. TO RELIEVE MY LONELINESS, I TOOK A DART FROM THE FLOCK AND NAMED IT GLOOP.
GLOOP BECAME MY SHADOW, THE CONSTANT OBJECT OF COUNTLESS ONE-SIDED CONVERSATIONS.
BUT DREAMS OF MY BELOVED LULEA HAUNTED MY SLEEP AND I KNEW...

I KNEW
I KNEW I NEEDED MORE
OUR NOW, THE THREE YEARS HAVE PASSED AND
THE SHIP!
GLOOP... THEY'RE HERE!
GLOOP GLOOP
I THOUGHT IT BROKE MY HEART
GLOOP GLOOP GLOOP
I HAD TO LET GLOOP GO.

HOME..
AS EXPECTED, LULEA KEPT HER PROMISE AND WAS WAITING FOR ME
TRA!
ALL THAT DAY WE RE-LIVED
AT LAST
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR
KNOCK KNOCK
HUH?
GLOOP?!
NO!
BUT NOTHING COULD HALT THE FURY OF THE ENRAGED MOLE...
AND THE GORE-COVERED MOLE SNUGGLED UP TO ME
GLOOP
END

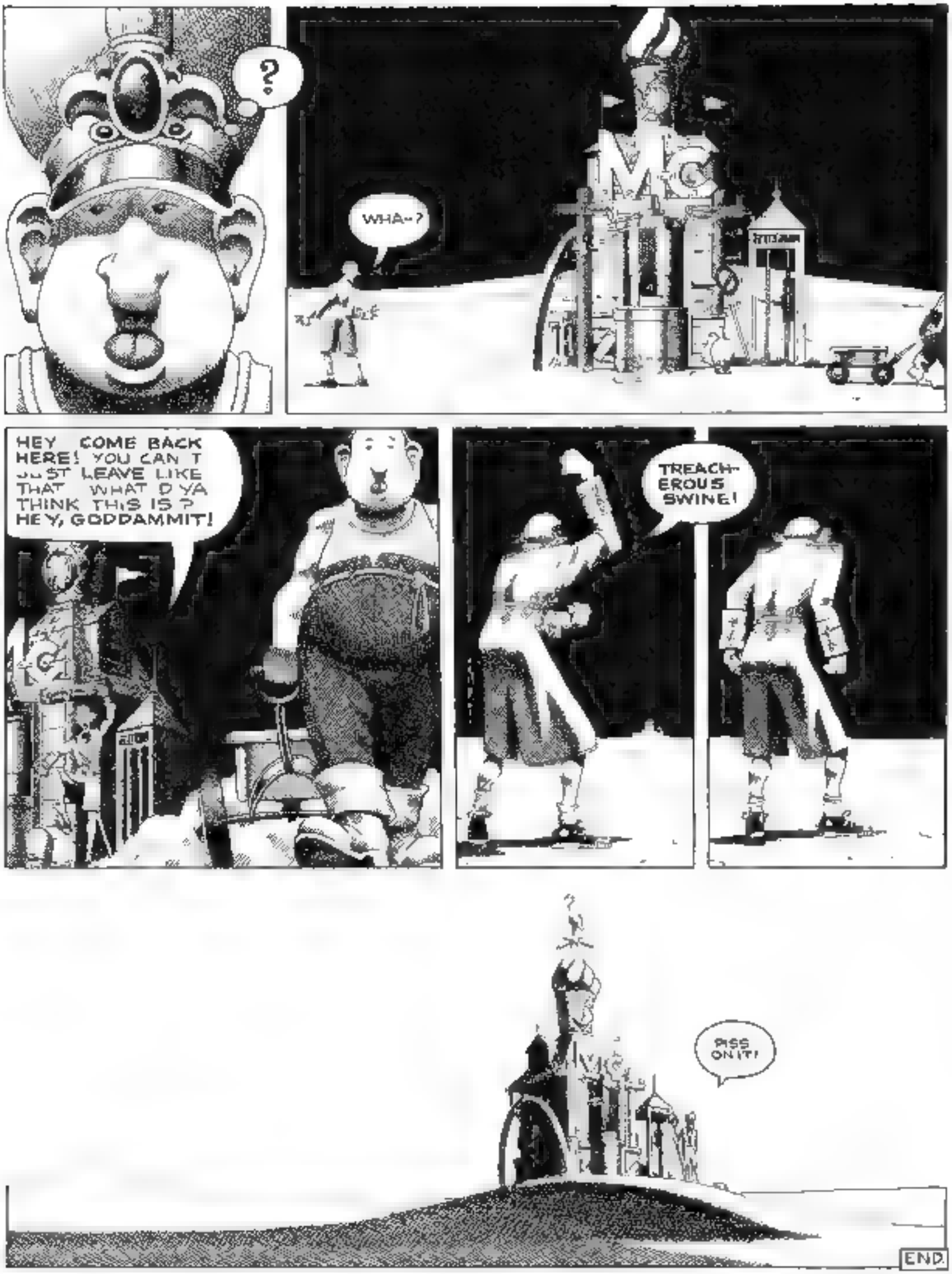
THE TEMPLE OF KARVUL

SACRED RELIC OF THE HOLY AGE. IT MARKS THE HALFWAY POINT ON THE DESERT ROUTE FROM EUSTKAR TO TAKOBEL. A ROUTE NOW SELDOM, IF EVER, TRAVELED. THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES IT HAS BEEN GUARDED BY A SUCCESSION OF PIOUS MEN WHO GLADLY DEVOTED ONE YEAR OF THEIR LIVES TO THE GLORY OF THE ANCIENT ONES.



FOR FORTY TWO YEARS THAT HONOR HAS FALLEN TO THIS MAN. FOR THOUGH THE TERM OF HIS ENLISTMENT HAS LONG SINCE PAST, IT IS WRITTEN THAT A GUARD MAY NOT LEAVE HIS POST TILL ANOTHER SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE.

WHAT'S THAT? COULD IT BE SOMEONE COMING?
'TIS! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ...IT'S A MAN!
HEY — WHOA! SLOW DOWN! THIS IS IT! THE TEMPLE OF KARVUL! YOU'VE ARRIVED, BOY!
THE GODS WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME WERE I TO DENY SUCCOR TO A PASSING PILGRIM I GOT SOME COLD BREW OUT BACK.
JUST STAND HERE WHILE I'M GONE WILL YA? AND HOLD THIS SIGN FOR ME A SEC.. OH, AND THE HAT
HA-HA! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT YOU FOOL! YOU ACCEPTED THE HOLY HAT AND SCEPTER! I'M FREE!
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN! YOU GUARD THE STUPID TEMPLE TILL THE NEXT IDIOT COMES BY IN FIFTY YEARS OR SO!
SO LONG SUCKER I'M GONE!


?
WHA--?
HEY COME BACK HERE! YOU CAN T JUST LEAVE LIKE THAT WHAT D'YA THINK THIS IS? HEY, GODDAMMIT!
TREACH-EROUS SWINE!
PISS ON IT!
END.

GALACTIC GEOGRAPHIC

THE TOWER OF JUI-QUILAR

Visitors to the barren planet Jui-Quilar are rare by comparison to the colorful nearby planets of Mirnha and Jui'Pilo, whose casinos and sporting events draw tourists from all Federation planets. This world is little more than a relic of its former glory, once having a population of 70,000,000, whose technology extended to the harnessing of natural simple forces (such as those used in sailing).

Now a hostile mountainous world with only one small salt sea, Jui-Quilar was once a verdant planet with an ocean of waterways between the mountains. These fjord-like canals served as a food source and trade route for the populace who lived in small cliff villages at the water's edge.

But 300 years ago the seaways dried up, leaving the population cut off from each other. So dependent were they on the sea that the populace dwindled to a mere 40,000 living on the shore of their one remaining sea. They responded to their plight by building a spiral tower, the remains of which are pictured here.

Legends from that time state that the tower was constructed to restore the seas by stimulating the atmosphere to cause rain. The exact method is unknown, and present-day archaeologists believe that it was a fool's venture like the pyramids of Earth. Jui-Quilar is known for its violent electrical storms, and it was probably one such storm that destroyed the tower and with it most of the future of Jui-Quilar.

On a festive date over a thousand years ago the main body of the tribes gathered at the newly constructed bronze tower to witness the machine begin the storm that would restore their seas. A storm began at noon, and massive bolts of lightning hit the tower and the water tanks at its base, causing an explosion of such force that all the tribal leaders and their heirs were killed, as were most of the witnesses to the event, some by shock waves that reverberated between massive rock walls, and some by the tons of stone that fell into the small valley where all the celebrants had gathered. One quote from the Jui-stone found near the structure seems to describe the event. "Tremos of 'bronze' was cast in round-up mountain of (one set) by 20,000 of the Kamak and Tmb and Fo and Dawn (tribes) for the Fire that brings torrent to lie (sustained). By Blue djo it storm and the fire was cast down to her link and sons of sons of sons did fall. In all perhaps 2,000 perished, leaving those remaining leaderless and without hope.

The relic today stands as a monument to a dead civilization, attracting visitors only as a side-stop on the way to some less depressing world.

From the *Stellar Journals of Karl Kofoed*

All new, all in color, all the excitement that the queen of the Cosmos can generate! Jean-Claude Forest, Barbarella's creator, serves up a sensational and seductive tale that takes the reader to the furthest reaches of the universe. Plus a retrospective of Barbarella's past perils and a special section of action stills from the classic feature film that starred Jane Fonda. *Barbarella, the Moon Child*—a prime package of s-f fun from *Heavy Metal* Books.

Special offer! Order by mail before March 1— save one dollar off the $6.95 cover price!

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Surreal conflict as it occurred (or will occur) in days gone by (or years to come). Giant 9¾" x 13¾" $4.95 HM4013

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Please send me the *Heavy Metal* Books circled below.
Enclosed find $ _____ Send check or money order only

Barbarella, The Moon Child $6.95 ($5.95 before March 1)
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STARCROWN

BY JOHN POCSIK

It was the beginning of the Age of Expansion.

It was the time of mankind's final leap toward the far distant stars where strange and wondrous confrontations were yet to take place.

It was an age of darkness and light, of science and myth, of manlike gods and godlike men who sought to master the demon forces of the universe.

It was a time both sacred and profane, when iridescent cities lured the unwary with their electronic siren song and the sky-darkening clouds of spacecraft lifted on pillars of silver fire, never to be seen again.

It was a period of endless conflict: the Behemoth Wars, the Conspiracy of the Disk, and the Time Crusades. Brave men died on steaming worlds, their laser-rifles flickering, as the last Federation strongholds fell. Other men, baser froze in their shattered smuggler domes, surrounded by the useless wealth of the forbidden ores they had hoped to hide on the dark moon orbiting the hothouse planets.

All possible worlds had been colonized. Man lived on pulsing, machine continents, in measureless caverns lit by artificial suns, or in microsize cluster-cities implanted on energex slides. Mankind wandered across rainbow deserts and dreamed of the yellow skies of Old Earth while the living oceans rolled sluggishly far overhead.

But restless, crowded and ever searching, man looked beyond the galaxy's rim, and flexed himself for that last and most dangerous odyssey when he would leave behind the familiar teeming worlds and endless warfare for the featureless, beckoning unknown of farspace.

A family of noble rulers rose to guide mankind forward in its first steps on this final journey. These men were entrusted with the power over all worlds and every life-form; their wisdom and justice became watchwords of trust. They ruled over their charges with absolute authority and the symbol of their reign and of their power was that legendary ornament of rule: *The Starcrown*.

Forged in the incandescent heat of suns, each shimmering gemstone a constellation blaze, every gold and silver and crystal binding band like paths of power running toward the central jewel mount, the Starcrown represented mankind's ultimate good and ultimate destiny amid the stars.

But it came to pass in the latter days of the Federation that evil forces were at work, and on a night of blood and flame the last of this noble line of rulers was forced to flee into the lonely void, a fugitive, taking with him that fabulous ornament, and the power of **THE STARCROWN**.

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THE GALACTIC FEDERATION:

Developed over a thousand years of extrasolar expansion and genetic warfare the Body Galactic, or Galactic Federation, rules over countless star systems and their inhabited or colonized planets.

Hub of the Federation – its home world – is Ilium Prime a low-vapor, heavy-gravity planet in the center of the Whor System of Cerise Major.

Ilium Prime, the City is the seat of Empire from which the noble House of Sunheart directs the business and commerce of worlds.

Following the first of the Nebullanic Quest Wars, the Star Councils – prototype for the later Body Galactic – elected the Sunhearts to maintain order and discipline over their constantly feuding ranks, ever opposing them has been the House of Mord – a rival and extremely powerful militaristic clan whose hatred for the Sunhearts has reached across time and space to affect each succeeding generation of Mord and Sunheart alike.

Plotting and court intrigue have almost replaced diplomatic statesmanship as the prime concern of the Federation.

From *Elements of Galactic Diplomacy*
Dr. Qurl Poroth Lecturoid

1. A HOUSE FALLS

Mechanically, as in a thousand prior planetfalls, Flan Oros Sunheart keyed the scoutship's computer for the last docking maneuver.

The lifters cut in. Drowning the smooth thunder of the ion engines, they rose in volume to a peak which made the entire craft tremble with barely restrained power, fell back down the scale of sound.

And then, silence! Or almost silence, ghost-echoes of that potent force still throbbing in his ears – that, and the Airflo's

whisper and the chattering orchestrations of the computer.

Clasped loosely by the form chair, detached, his mind elsewhere, he watched the console screens display final readout columns – each glowing letter, symbol, and equation visible for the exact number of seconds required for total data recall – until they dimmed to black, living on only in bright after-images behind his eyes. The friendly blaze of indicator lights began to wink out as the ship's guidance programs reached their termination points. Collapsing in a spill of gleaming coils, the virtual image reader slid back into its airless compartment.

Sunheart frowned as he squinted against the blaze of Ilium Prime's late afternoon suns, haloed and filtered by the boiling clouds of ochre-colored dust sweeping in from the Basin. He massaged his burning eyes.

Touch of retinal fatigue, he thought; *have to get used to the* effects of a double star system all over again.

Sunheart sat there without moving, staring numbly at the scene outside through the darkening viewport. Five minutes down upon his home world, and already that familiar oppressive melancholy had returned. Where he should have been happy at being back, he felt only emptiness – and unease.

Home, for Flan Oros Sunheart, was just another term for prison.

The spaceport rippled, insubstantial as dream, through the waves of chromatic aberration rising from the heated, highly reflective gridwork of the landing field.

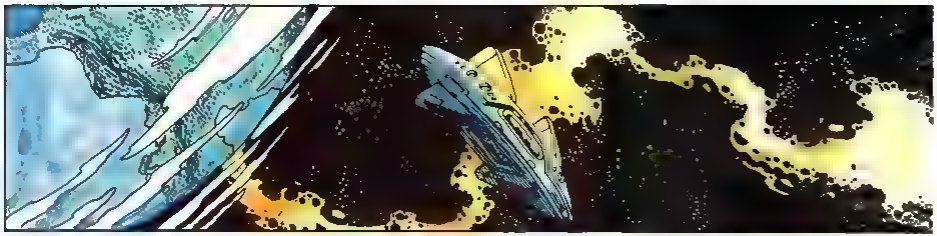
Hub of the complex was Three Key Tower, the gateway to Ilium Prime. There, all offworlders had to register and submit themselves and their belongings for inspection by teams of medtech scanners (for contraband, body-search and/or possible virulence treatment) before the heatseal doors would admit them to Ilium's inferno winds and deadly daytime skies. Although peace had been reestablished throughout most of the galaxy, the threat of attack or sabotage by mercenary cells against Federation ports remained a very real menace.

Sunheart felt a touch of sardonic amusement. There would be no delay for him, of course! Royal blood *did* have its advantages.

Sand-polished creepers were shunting some weathered fuel pods across the field toward the yawning reservoirs. A Galactic cruiser, plasma-shielded against the fierce winds, stood canted skyward, ready for launch.

A flurry of movement at the field's western perimeter drew Sunheart's attention. A tight formation of Armada air-to-ground clone drones, augmented by the swifter search-and-destroy skimcraft, were rising and falling on the heated air in less than precision maneuvers. Their non-reflective hulls were faintly ominous blots in the blinding sunlight.

And just over the horizon, past the yeast lakes and the power screens, waiting to take him into its magical arcades, its cool electronic silences, were the soaring, the



shimmering the fabulous spires of Ilium Prime – rising in translucent splendor beside the sealess shores of the Craaniche Basin.

But they were small almost insignificant sentinels compared to the monarch of steel, stone and force glass which was his ancestral home: the Place Royale of the House of Sunheart.

Sunheart! That name a litany, an invocation a shout of obedience and loyalty, a greeting, an incantation issuing from lips human and strange, password to myriad alien worlds.

Sunheart! Chief Guardians of the Body Galactic, symbols of its power, justice, order for the human race in its relentless advance into deeper space.

Sunheart! Lords of Ilium Prime for nearly six centuries (by Old Reckoning), absolute rulers of this stark beautiful world of heat light and eternal dustfall.

So ran the oft-heard paeans of praise. He wished he could believe in them, wished he could recapture just for a moment the wonder he had felt as a boy for his House. But harsh reality had tarnished its glory and for Flan Oros Sunheart,the bright dream of empire was faded.

A blue button on the control console read INITIAL POWER THRUST-IGNITION. How tempting! thought the youth: one touch, that steep shuddering liftoff – this "courtesy visit" forgotten – to swing aloft, returned to the universal blackness, the starry highroad. The mysteries of the Gravewind Nebula had just begun to yield their secrets. The hold sks and tri-dim cassettes could be quickly offloaded by his father's starlab technicians; his verbal reports on the red shift had already been logged. Something was happening out there in the Gravewind but more expeditions were needed before those sparkling gas clouds could be designated a menace.

The youth smiled as he released the mechanism.

Tractor treads extended, the machine lowered itself to the deck plates and purred down the access tunnel toward the lock.

Uncle Pew or PEW (short for Proto-Entropic-Warbot, Series Mark IX) was no mere "thinking machine." Integrated into its systems, dominating the unit were the memory tapes and trust cubes containing the personality patterns of Praetorius Sunheart IV – Flan's uncle – who had been killed trying to put down the Crypt Revolts on Vole.

The mystery of it all was that when he closed his eyes and listened to the machine's often colorful comments, he could swear his favorite uncle was sitting right there beside him – ruddy, white-bearded face grinning with irrepressible rascality, blue eyes twinkling with inner knowledge, a fist mashing a cannister of nearbaum as he gestured grandly up at the lights in the night sky: his own personal hoard.

Unlike his brother, Praetorius had refused to be trapped by his royal heritage; in his time, he boasted, he had had no equal as a fighter, a gambler, a lover, or even as a rogue handicapped by a sense of honor and romanticism. He had also been a most capable administrator (when he set his mind to it, which was infrequently), a visionary planner an insatiable explorer, a humane and compassionate envoy,an understanding advisor, a confessor, and – for Sunheart – a most trusted, respected and loved friend. When his remains were transmitted back to Ilium, the Emperor himself had assembled a team of genetic biotechs and exo-grafters to preserve what he called "the greatest flawed mind in the Empire."

Thus Uncle Pew – a uniquely *different* type of man/machine symbiot, smoothly-running, flawlessly functioning, nearly immortal entity of chrome and neuroposit conductors – *was* Praetorius Sunheart as testy, brave, warped, brilliant, cynical, loyal, and humorously irascible as he had been in life. Programmed to respond empathically to the younger Sunheart (for whom he had always had an inordinate fondness), he had naturally been the only companion the youth had ever considered for shipmate on the long outbound flight.

Trading jests and insults back and forth as in the old times, sharing experiences and life-lore, they had been happy, satisfied, out there in the black wastes...

◊ happiness – a subjective state of well-being and contentment . : : but you are not going to feel any happier : : ' or better : . by just sitting there like a cadet freezing up on his first mad run : : ' i compute the arrival of your father's escort at zero one zero minus . : Ilium time : ' ' and : : : there is something else ◆

At least out there in space he was doing something *useful* for the Federation as well as for himself. All that awaited him here on Ilium Prime were the corrupting ways of Court life, the prisoning chains of responsibility. He would never let what had happened to his father happen to him!

Sunheart palmed the unlock stud. The form chair released him.

◊ I would appreciate some attention . : : when you have time ◆

An iron voice droned inside his skull, making his sinuses itch. He had all but forgotten his companion during his brooding thoughts. Sunheart turned toward the glowing shape which was strapped into the gunner's crash seat next to him.

Boxlike in form, the machine's metallic casing was a depressingly cheerful golden color, scorched in spots. Its flexible extensor arms were unscrewing themselves from the computer input sockets to telescope back into the machine's trunk. Its sensor dome rotated to regard him with an array of flickering strobe-lenses, half of them badly in need of resolution adjustment after their harrowing year in space.

"Why, PEW," Sunheart said with mock concern, "I thought I'd just leave you here for the oilers to service. Fill that rusty shell of yours with some of that soothing balm you're always wishing for."

◊ that soothing balm is almost two-

HAPPINESS
A SUBJECTIVE
STATE OF

hundred plus guaranteed non-synthetic old terran alcohol laced with energy radiants and isolator stimulants : : : were I to consume even a twentieth of a bottle : : ' this ship : : : you : : : I : : : and most of the illum spaceport would be blown half way to crystal ' : : you forget ' ' ' I am not the man I used to be : ' ' if I were free of this can and had my old body back again : : : I would show you something . : : now unship me ' : ' ' sunheart : . . before I lose my temper ' ' ' I can feel my circuits beginning to heat up : : get me out of his harness . : before I decide to send you back on a chrononaut voyage you will long remember : : . signal ends ♦

"Erase it, PEW!" Sunheart laughed. "Your temporal entropy units were disconnected a long time ago, right after that *News From the Near Future* incident, if you remember."

♢ I refuse to enter critical data into my systems this late in the day ' ' : we should leave . . . your father's escort will be arriving soon ♦

"Switch to vocal, PEW," Sunheart said as he slipped off the last of the n-drive armor. "What else? Don't tell me you've got the hots for the sanitation unit again."

"Unfunny, Prince Sunheart," Praetorius's voice boomed down the tunnel, forcing the youth to grin again. "I am picking up a disruptor reading of very low, very intense frequency. Not enough to cause problems with short-range broadcasts here on the surface, but sufficient, I imagine, to cut Ilium off from the rest of the Whorl Worlds."

"Could be some sort of force-shield magnification. I understand core mining is big business ever since the Starcrown granted the Mords coastal rights."

"Unlikely." The warbot appeared at the tunnel entrance, a wide-angle lens swivelling into place. "This particular band of interference also coincides very closely to certain frequencies used by the Grand Armada."

"My Lord Corona – testing a new sort of jammer?"

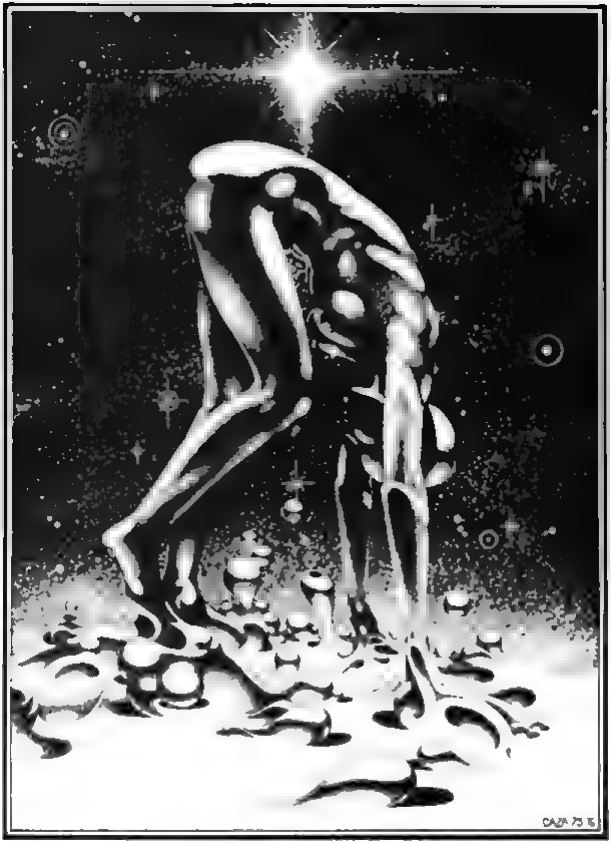
Again, this is possible. But even taking his belligerent nature into consideration, my probability units cannot accept his disruption of communications worldwide for the sake of localized field maneuvers. And I sense more than one device in operation, perhaps as many as five, although I cannot locate their sources of origin. I think we should check it out."

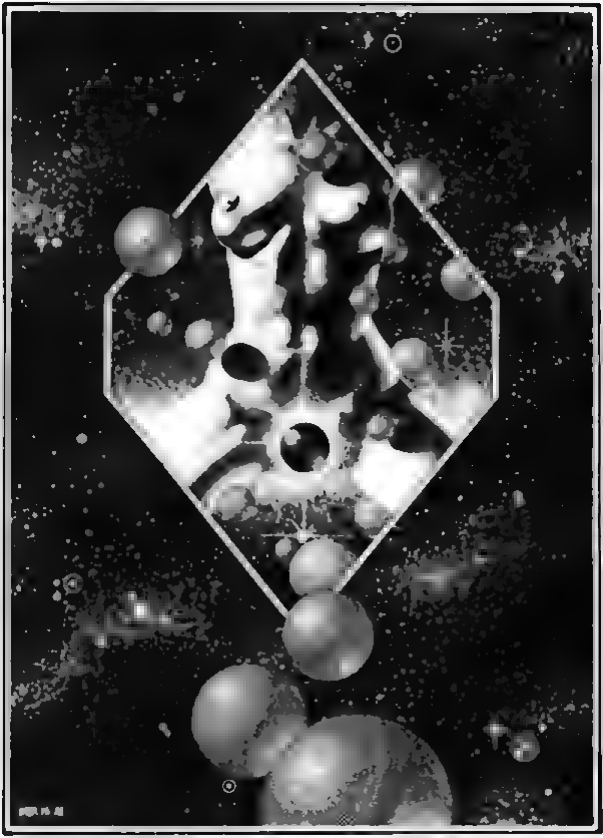
Sunheart donned a boot of soft metal alloy which hardened instantly around his foot. "Well, don't worry too much about it, PEW. This is supposed to be a holiday, of sorts, and we ought to try to take it easy. Father will have an explanation. After all, it's not as if we're at war. Even the Wildernesse Triad is fairly quiet these days."

"I wonder, Flan," the robot's voice sounded a bit gloomy. "You're fast and incredibly accurate with that blastmaster of yours, and we fought back to back on Mere several times against the *glith*. Nevertheless, you have yet to see war's true face. I wonder – "

HYDROGENESIS

CAZA


CAZA 73 5



TRUE TALES OF OUTER SPACE

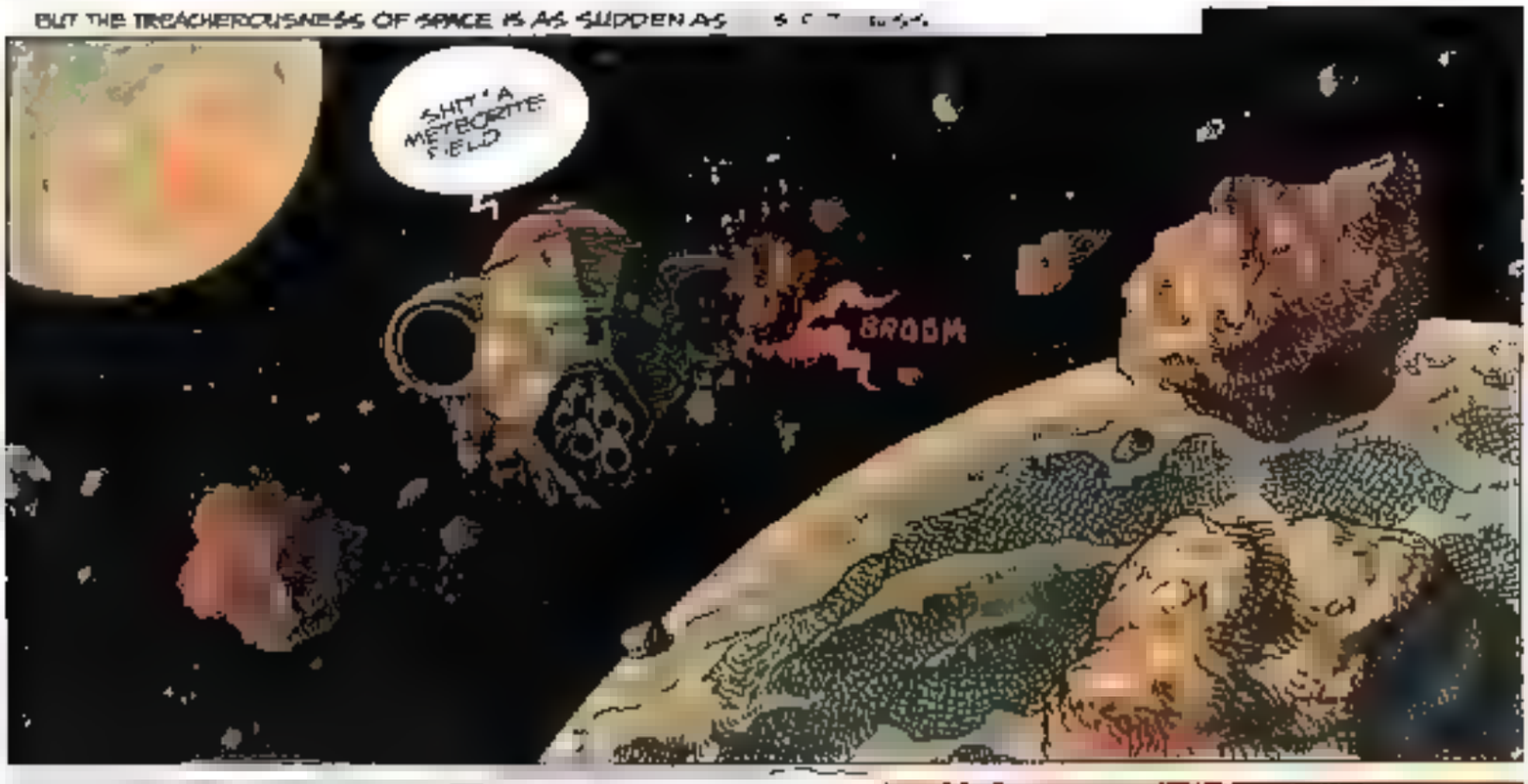
ENKI BILAL

THE PLANET OF NO RETURN

FULL-GARMA 2, COMMANDER OF THE GALACTIC TERRESTRIAL DIVISION FORCES, WAS VERY HAPPY AT THE COMMANDS OF HIS BATTLESHIP HARDLY A QUARTER OF A LIGHT YEAR SEPARATED HIM FROM X.Q. ALPHA CENTAURI. THE WAR AGAINST THE GLOOBS WAS ALMOST OVER AND GARMA 2 HAD PERFORMED BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY. HE HAD BEEN GRANTED LEAVE WHICH HE INTENDED TO USE TO MAKE HIS PONDEREST DREAM COME TRUE TO AT LAST SEE THE PLANET EARTH FOR THE FIRST TIME, WHICH WAS THE SACRED WISH OF EVERY SPACE MAN

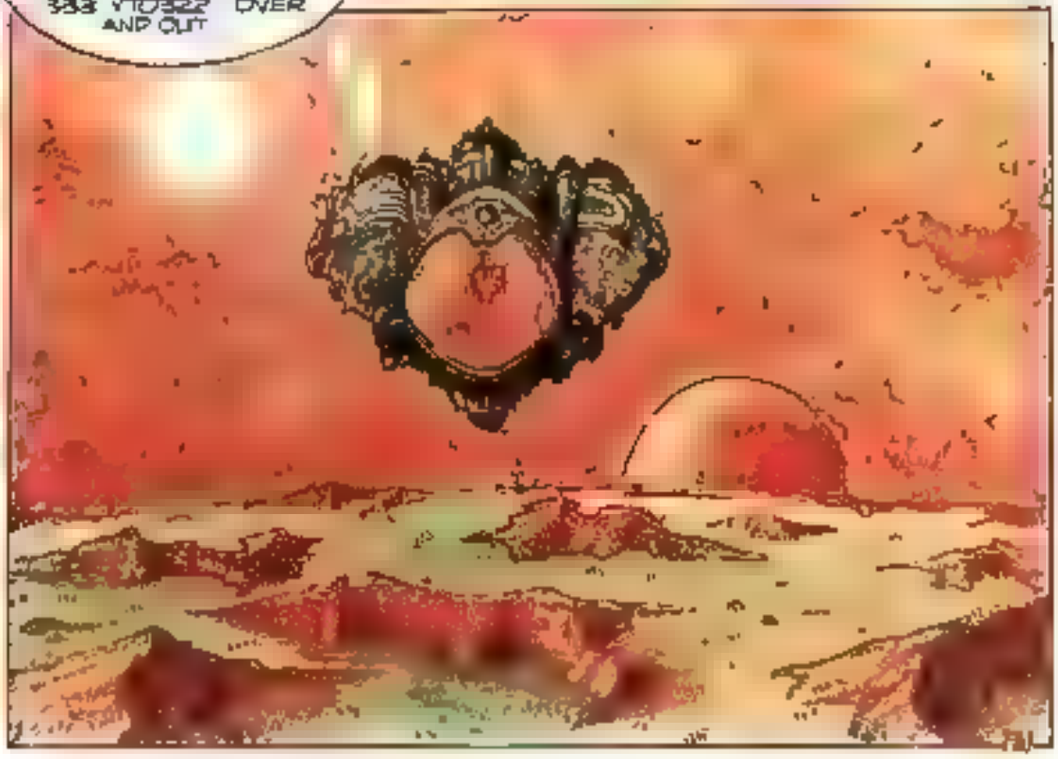
IT WOULD TAKE THE ULTIMATE SPACE BATTLE FROM ALPHA CENTAURI AND FOUR YEARS AFTER HIS FOOT ON THIS PLANET FOR FULL-GARMA 2 WAS ONE OF THE SEVERAL MILLION HUMAN BEINGS BORN BY CHANCE ON SOME DISTANT CONSTELLATION AND HAUNTED BY THAT MYTHICAL PLANET CALLED EARTH

BUT THE TREACHEROUSNESS OF SPACE IS AS SUDDEN AS [illegible]



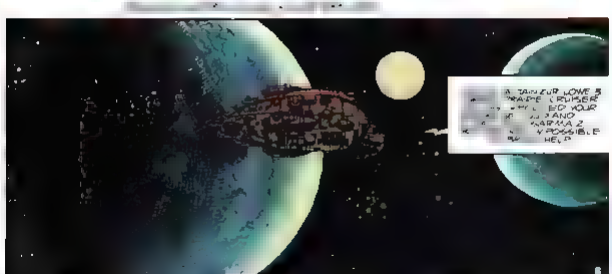
HIS HEART FILLED WITH RAGE CURSING THE GODS OF SPACE (THERE IS SCARCELY A CHANCE IN A MILLION OF COLLIDING WITH METEORITES), FULL SARMA 2 CHECKS IN, RECORDING THE COMPULSORY DISTRESS SIGNAL

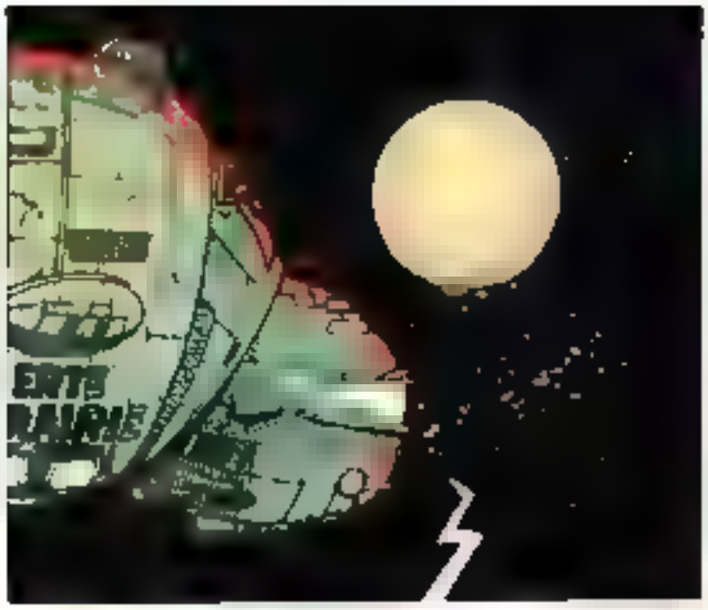
THIS IS COMMANDER FULL SARMA 2, SERIAL NUMBER 2304 REGISTER C. FOLLOWING COLLISION WITH METEORITES, AM GENERATING AN ENERGY LEAK FROM MOTOR REV 1 CRASH LANDING ON A B TYPE PLANET FOLLOWING ARE MY COORDINATES 02 333 YTO322 OVER AND OUT



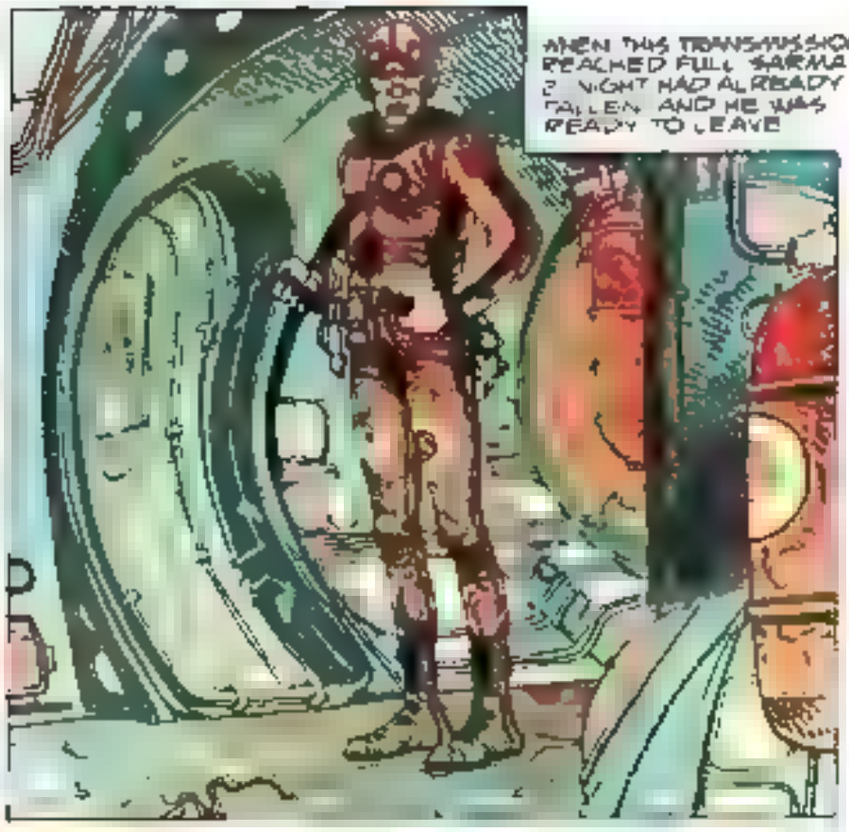
AN INITIAL INFORMATION SET COLLECTED BY EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE PARTICLE ELEVATED FEARS ANXIETY THIS AIR WAS BREATHABLE ALTHOUGH SLIGHTLY HEAVY AND THE OUTSIDE TEMPERATURE ARE ALTHOUGH VERY HIGH (66%) WOULD IN ALL PROBABILITY DECREASE WITH NIGHTFALL AND THERE CAN NEVER THAT DEFINITELY REASSURED HUMAN EXTERIOR INTELLIGENCE HAD DISCOVERED TRACES OF VEGETATION A MINERAL EASILY CONVERTED TO UTILIZABLE ENERGY

I'LL VENTURE OUT AT NIGHTFALL WITH ANY LUCK I'LL FIND ENOUGH VEGETATION TO SUPPLY THE AUXILIARY MOTORS AND GET GOING AGAIN
BUT IT'S GOING TO BE PRETTY DEEP AND I AIN'T GOT ANYONE TO SURVIVE I MUST HAVE GOTTEN LOST

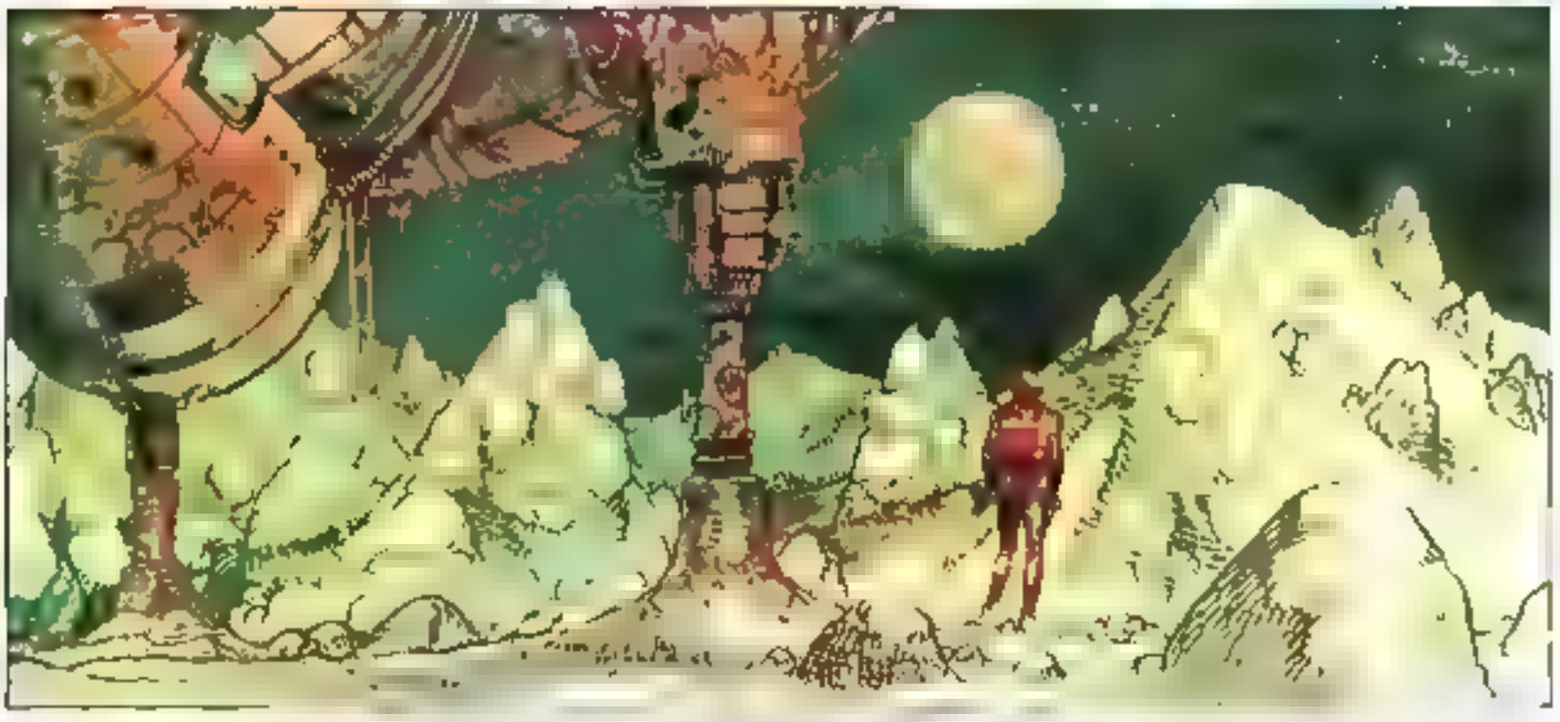




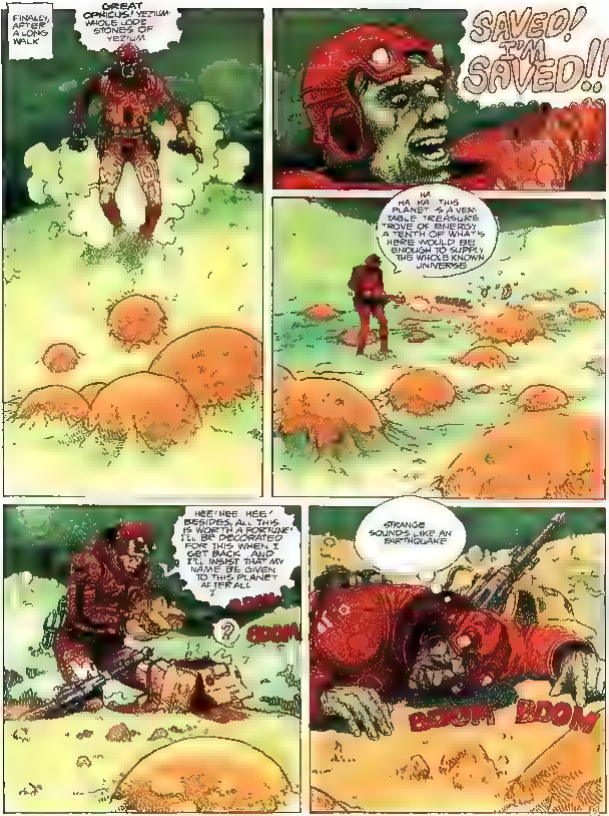
ADVISE YOU PROCEED WITH MOST CAUTION THAT PLANET HOLDS UNKNOWN DANGERS THREE EXPEDITIONS NEVER RETURNED FROM THERE THE MOST RECENT WAS THAT OF YOUR FATHER FUL SARMA 2 TWENTY YEARS AGO GOOD LUCK FUL SARMA 2 AM RECORDING YOUR DISAPPEARANCE OVER AND OUT



WHEN THIS TRANSMISSION REACHED FUL SARMA 2 NIGHT HAD ALREADY FALLEN AND HE WAS READY TO LEAVE



THE PLANET, HOWEVER INHOSPITABLE DIDN'T SEEM AS HOSTILE AS SOME HE HAD OCCASION TO KNOW IN THE COURSE OF HIS LONG CAREER AS WARRIOR EXPLORER AND ZURLOWE'S WARNINGS HAD INTRIGUED HIM INCLUDING THE REFERENCE TO THE PREVIOUS EXPEDITIONS ESPECIALLY THE ONE LED BY HIS FATHER PARENTAL TIES NEVER MEANT MUCH TO SPACE MEN BUT THE DISCOVERY THAT HIS FATE WAS THE SAME AS HIS FATHER'S HE FOUND ALMOST TOUCHING THE COINCIDENCE IN ANY CASE WAS EXTRAORDINARY


FINALLY, AFTER A LONG WALK
GREAT ORNICUS! YETTIUM WHOLE LODE STONES OF YEZIUM
SAVED! I'M SAVED!!
HA HA HA THIS PLANET IS A VERITABLE TREASURE TROVE OF ENERGY! A TENTH OF WHAT'S HERE WOULD BE ENOUGH TO SUPPLY THIS WHOLE KNOWN UNIVERSE
HEE HEE HEE! BESIDES, ALL THIS IS WORTH A FORTUNE! I'LL BE DECORATED FOR THIS WHEN I GET BACK AND I'LL MAKE SURE MY NAME BE GIVEN TO THIS PLANET AS ITS FALL
?
BOOM
STRANGE SOUNDS, LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE
BOOM
BOOM

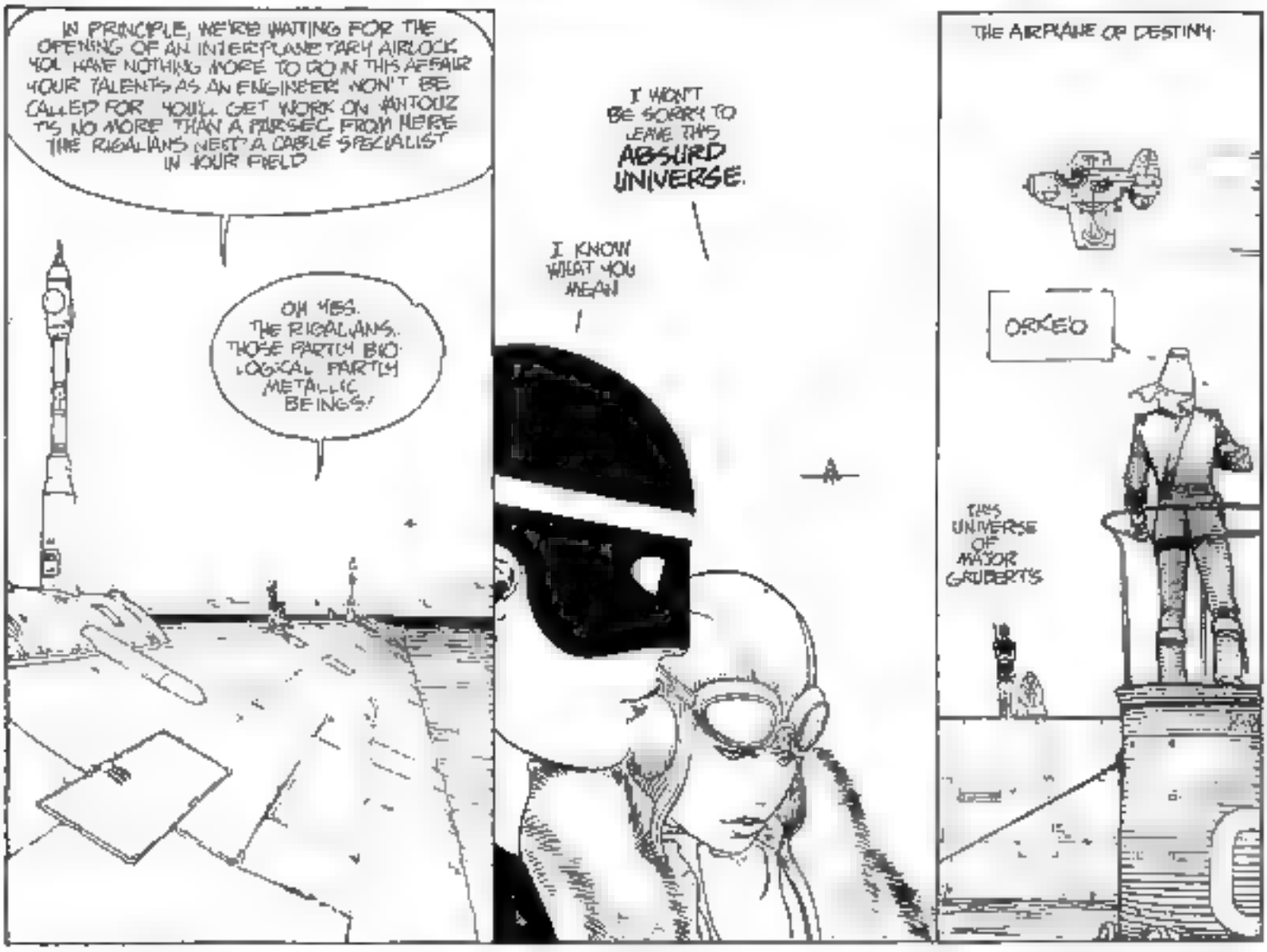
BOOM
BOOM
SEEMS TO BE NOTHING NO OR MAYBE IT'S GETTING CLOSER! TIME TO GET MOVING
WHAT THE HELL
BOOM
BOOM
WHAT? GOOD GOD, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! MY SPACE SHIP HAS IT DISAPPEARED OR SOMETHING!?
?!
HEAVY METAL
BOOM
BOOM

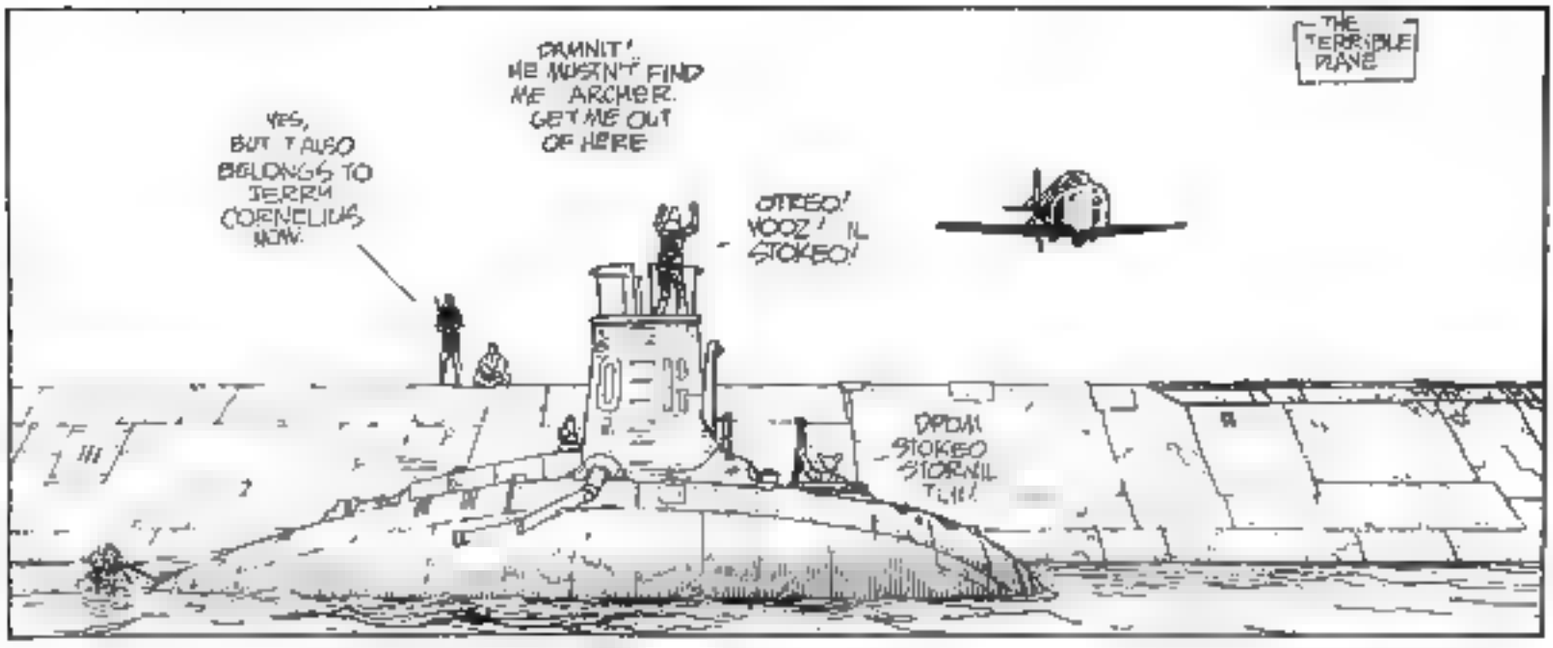
FULL-SARMA I, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE THIRD EXPEDITION, WAS TAKING HIS NOCTURNAL STROLL FOR TWENTY YEARS. HE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WAS DOING ON THIS DAMNED PLANET AND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS SPACESHIP AND NO ONE HAD EVER COME TO BRING HIM HELP NO ONE... NOT EVEN A LOST TRAVELER.

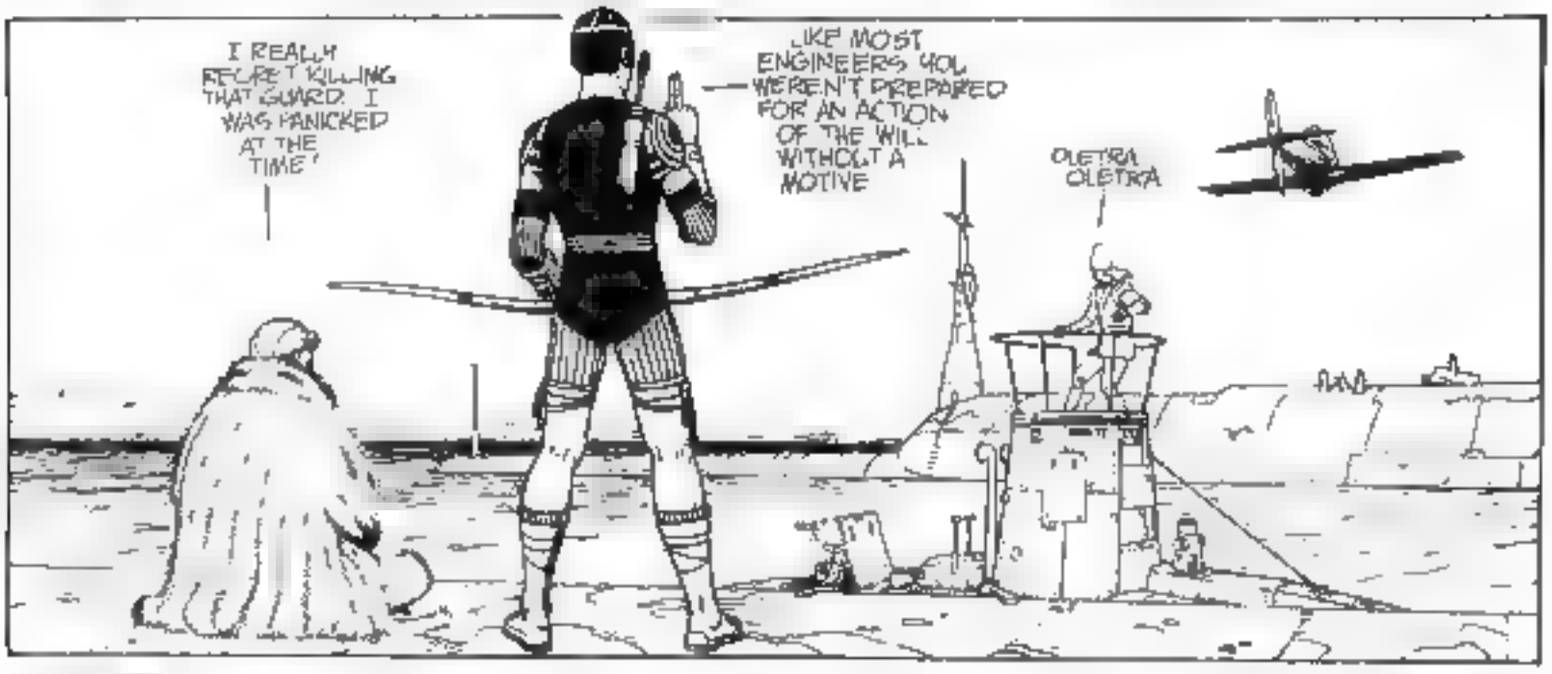
FIN

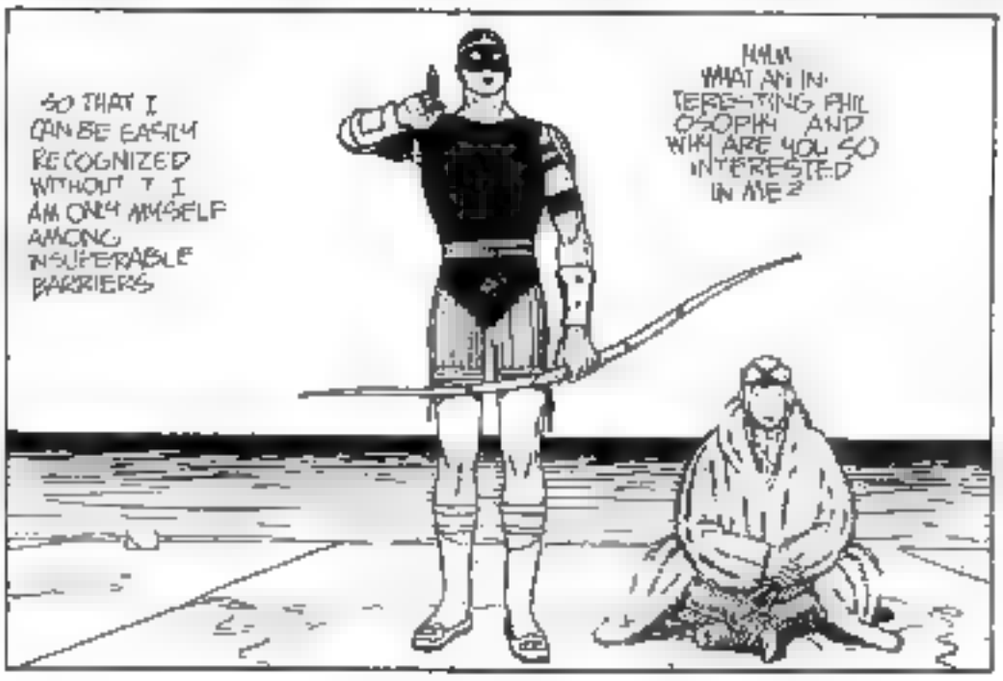
THE AIRTIGHT GARAGE

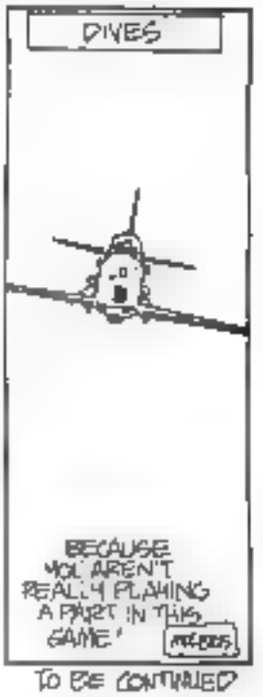
OUR STORY SO FAR IT IS WRITTEN (LIKE I 2 2) FOR THERE IS NOTHING COVERED WHICH SHALL NOT BE REVEALED NEITHER HID, THAT SHALL NOT BE KNOWN!


IN PRINCIPLE, WE'RE WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF AN INTERPLANETARY AIRLOCK YOU HAVE NOTHING MORE TO DO IN THIS AFFAIR YOUR TALENTS AS AN ENGINEER WON'T BE CALLED FOR YOU'LL GET WORK ON ANTOUZ TS NO MORE THAN A PARSEC FROM HERE THE RIGALIANS NEED A CABLE SPECIALIST IN YOUR FIELD
OH YES. THE RIGALIANS. THOSE PARTLY BIO-LOGICAL PARTLY METALLIC BEINGS!
I WON'T BE SORRY TO LEAVE THIS ABSURD UNIVERSE.
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN!
THE AIRPLANE OF DESTINY.
ORKE'O
THIS UNIVERSE OF MAJOR GRUBERT'S


THE TERRIBLE PLANE
DAMNIT! WE MUSN'T FIND ME ARCHER. GET ME OUT OF HERE
YES, BUT T ALSO BELONGS TO JERRY CORNELIUS NOW.
OTTESO! WOOZ' IL STOKED!
DPOM STOKED STORNIL TLH!


I REALLY REGRET KILLING THAT GUARD. I WAS PANICKED AT THE TIME!
LIKE MOST ENGINEERS YOU WEREN'T PREPARED FOR AN ACTION OF THE WILL WITHOUT A MOTIVE
OLETRA OLETRA

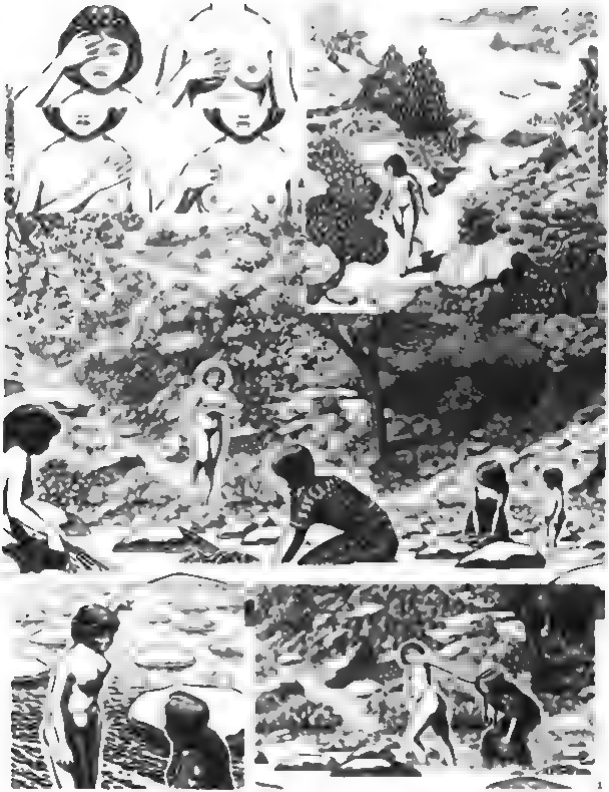

SO THAT I CAN BE EASILY RECOGNIZED WITHOUT ? I AM ONLY MYSELF AMONG INSUPERABLE BARRIERS
HMM WHAT AN INTERESTING PHILOSOPHY AND WHY ARE YOU SO INTERESTED IN ME?

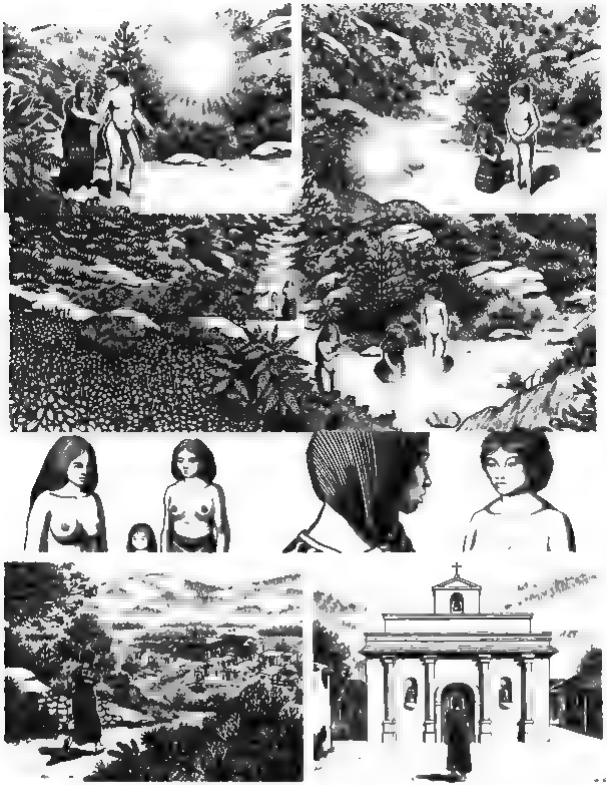


TO BE CONTINUED

QUETZAL

QUETZAL





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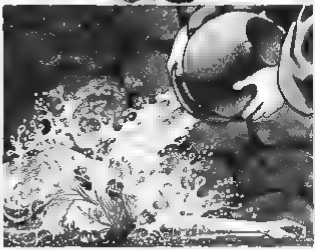
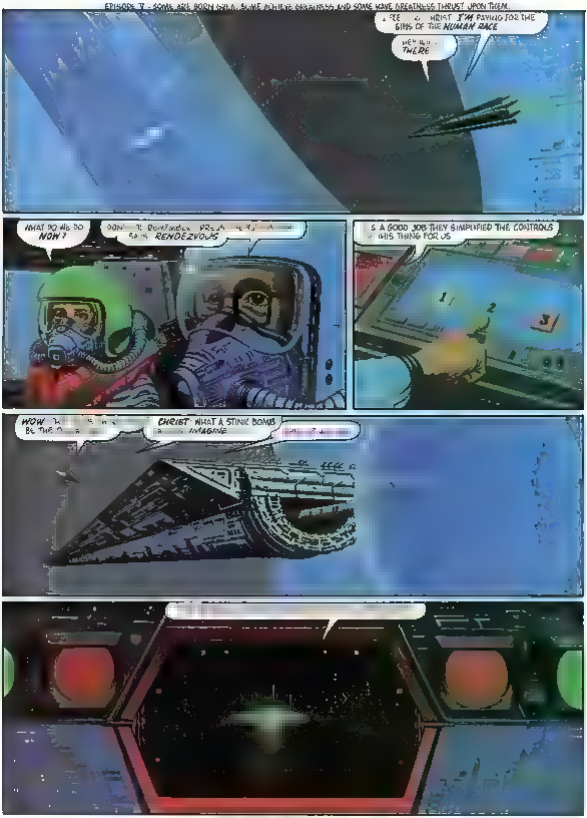


MOEBIUS
I DON'T WANT TO SOUND LIKE I'M PARANOID BUT I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE'RE LOST!
THAT DAMNED GRUBERT LED US ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE!
THE GUYS! MAYBE THEY'VE SEEN SOMETHING.
LET'S SEE
BLORIUS, GO WARN THE ADMIRAL FAST.
GRUBERT TOLD US THIS MIGHT HAPPEN!
WISE MEN FROM GOTHAM! THAT'S STRANGE!
INCREDIBLE!
UNBELIEVABLE!
END?

SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS

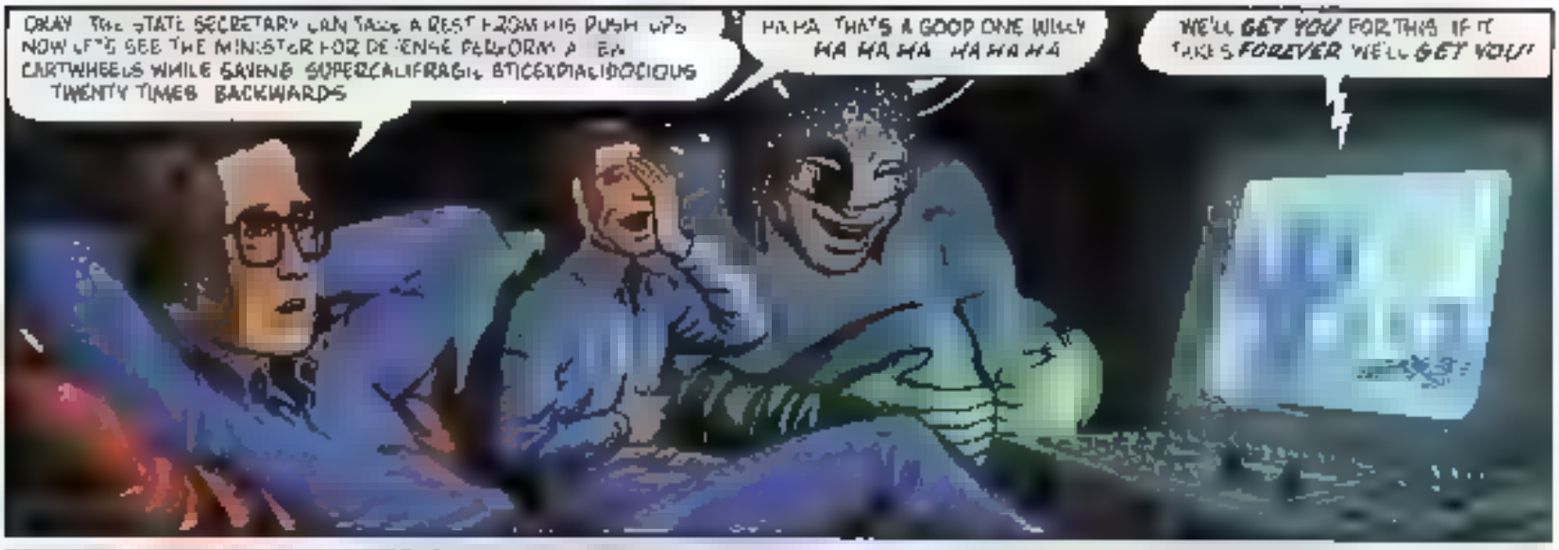

EPISODE 7 - SOME ARE BORN GREAT, SOME ACHIEVE GREATNESS AND SOME HAVE GREATNESS THRUST UPON THEM.
SEE ... WHAT I'M PAYING FOR THE SINS OF THE HUMAN RACE
HE'S IN THERE
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
RENDEZVOUS
S A GOOD JOB THEY SIMPLIFIED THE CONTROLS
1
2
3
WOW
CHRIST WHAT A STINK BOMB
IMAGINE

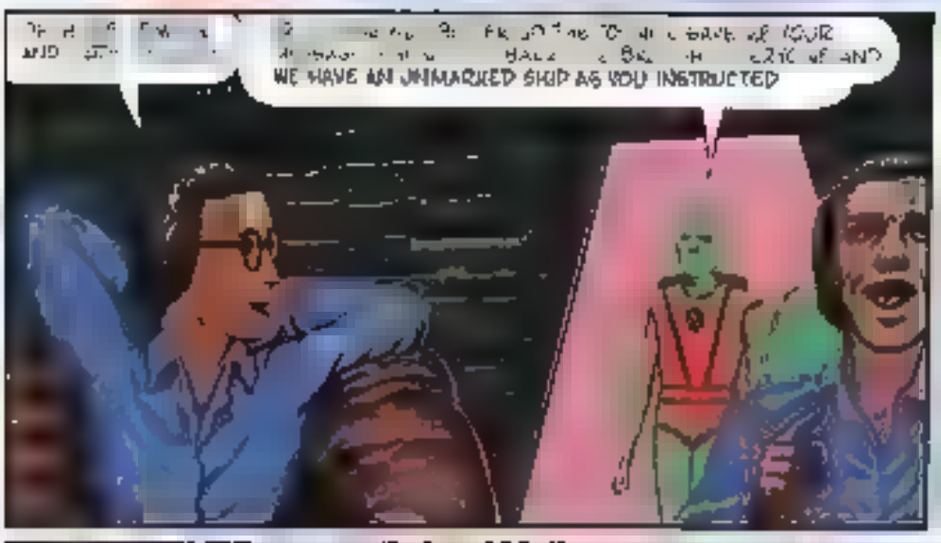
AND SINCE I HAVE DECIDED TO BRAVE THE DREAD PERIL OF THE ABSOLUTE ONENESS OF INTERCOURSE
REMEMBER NIETZSCHE THE MORE TERRIFYING THE EXPERIMENTALIES ARE BETTER FOR MAN SO THAT HIS FREEDOM POWER AND IMAGINATION CAN BE TESTED TO THE BREAKING POINT TO FIND OUT WHETHER WE IS IN ANY NEED OF FAITH AT THE END
REMEMBER KIERKEGAARD IF YOU ARE CAPABLE OF BECOMING A MAN THEN THE DANGER AND THE HORSH JUDGEMENT OF EXISTENCE CA YOUR THOUGHTLESSNESS WILL KEEP YOU BECOME ONE
A MOUSE NIBBLED A CONSECRATED WAFER
PRESERVATION
AND THE PLANE ON WHICH THEY
IS EXISTENCE !
WE ARE INVOLVED IN A WE THAT SURPASSES UNDERSTANDING AND OUR HIGHEST BUSINESS IS OUR

MOVING
COMPLETE
HUMAN DROPPED
NOW
MILLIONS
OUR
YEA
YEEEEEEEEHAAAA
AAAGH
HAPPENED

YOU'RE ! HAHAHA!

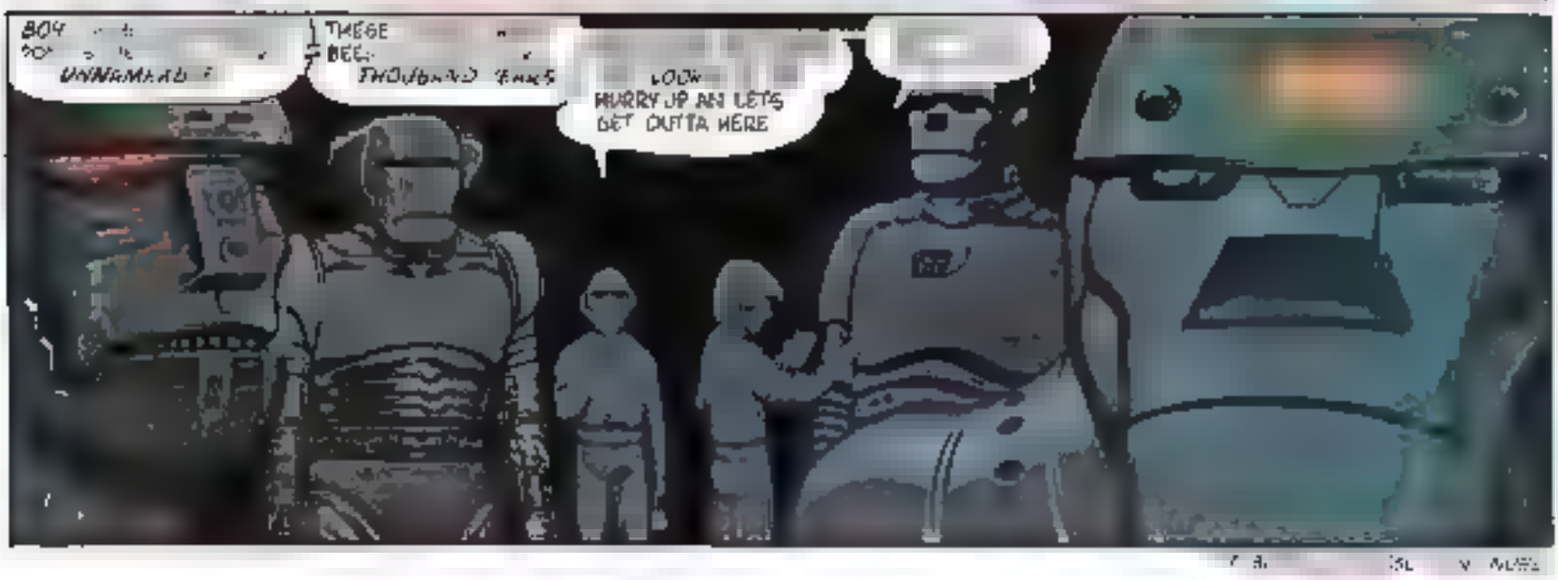
AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE O WORTHLESS WORMS?
A-BBLAH D DUH UH ER W-W WE'RE EARTHMEN
Y-Y-YAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
ARE YOU SURE HE'S IN WHERE HE WENT
YEAH I'M SURE HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN THERE
THAT'S A TOILET HE'S FLUSHING HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE JOHN
POOR GUY HE MUST BE IN A BAD WAY
GO AWAY
HEY S-OKAY WE WON'T HURT YOU OR WILL WE STEVE?
AR-W-WE
THIS IS WEIRD MAN REALLY WEIRD
HMM MANIC DEPRESSIVE SCHIZOID SELF-REPROACH ANXIETY NEUROSIS NOT ONAL AND COMBATIVE A-A ASOC PSYCHOSIS YES, I THINK I CAN HANDLE THIS


OKAY THE STATE SECRETARY CAN TAKE A REST FROM HIS PUSH UPS NOW LET'S SEE THE MINISTER FOR DEFENSE PERFORM A FEW CARTWHEELS WHILE SAYING SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS TWENTY TIMES BACKWARDS
HA HA THAT'S A GOOD ONE WILLY HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
WE'LL GET YOU FOR THIS IF IT TAKES FOREVER WE'LL GET YOU!


WE HAVE AN UNMARKED SHIP AS YOU INSTRUCTED

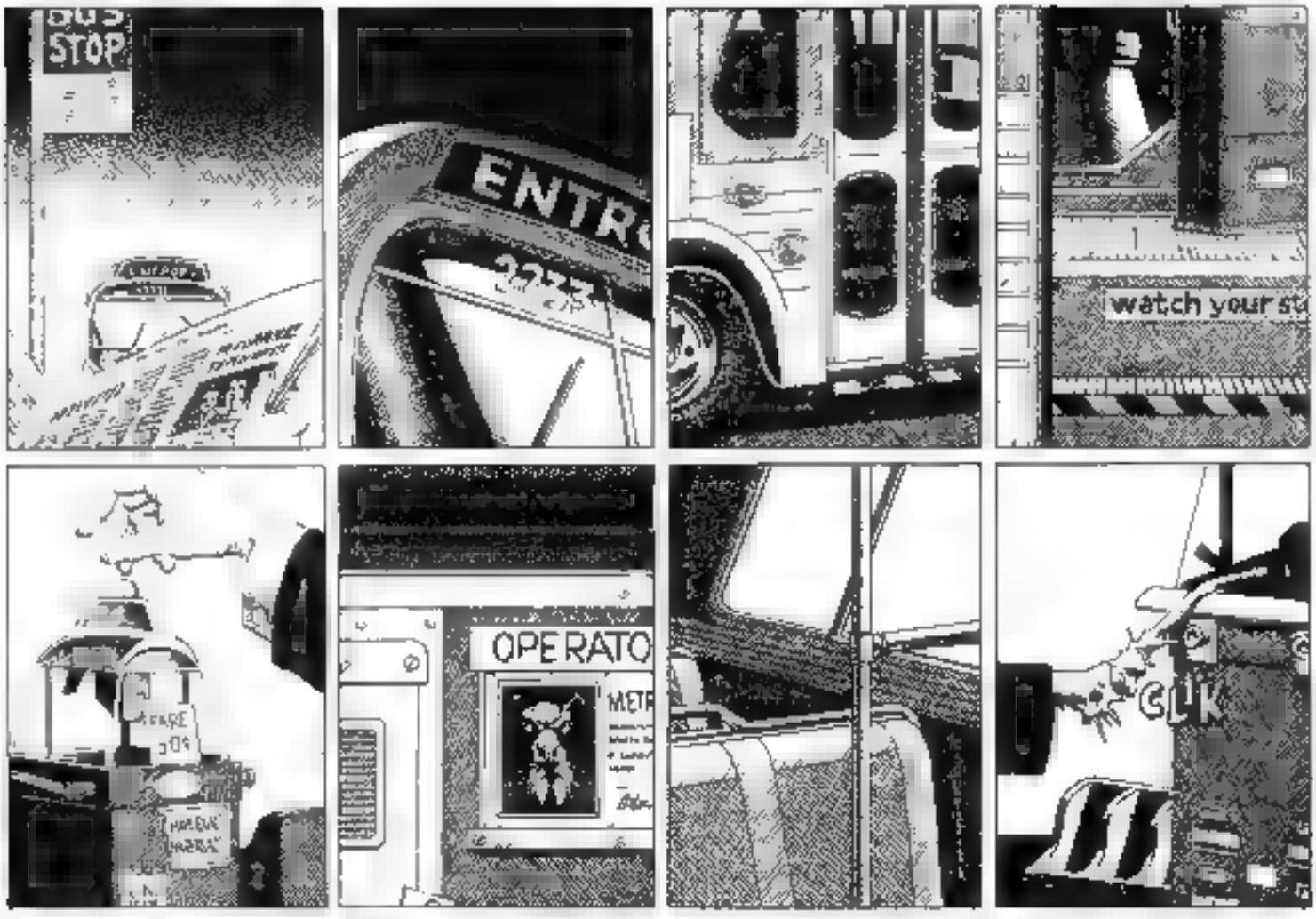
SEE YA, BERNION

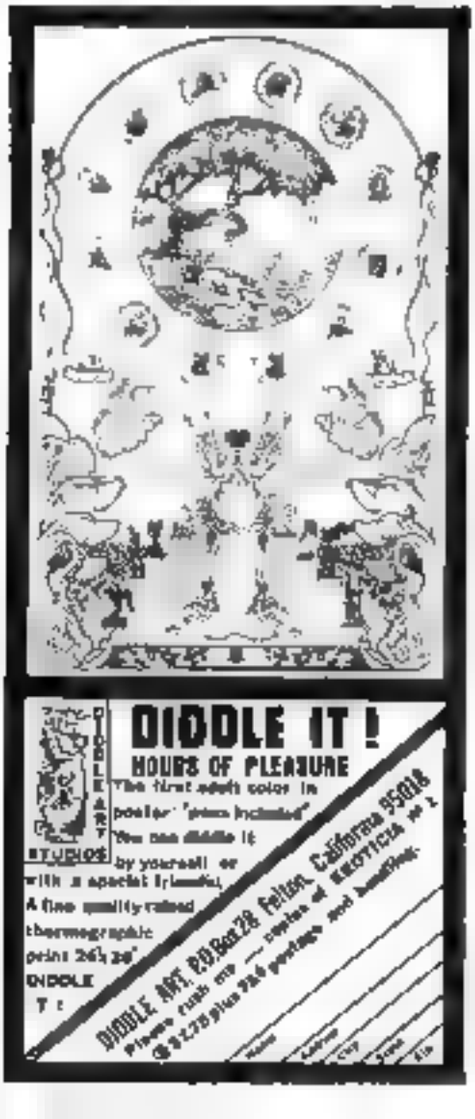
SEE YA LATER WILLY HE WAS A QUITE A NICE GU
THE FILES


UNIFORMED
THOUSAND TIMES
LOOK HURRY UP AN LETS GET OUTTA HERE

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©





Chain Mail

Dear Editors

Your magazine puts on paper the kind of dreams I lie awake nights hoping to have, and for this I thank you. . . Please never lose the magic you have captured between the covers of *Heavy Metal*.

Dave Mikrut
Riverdale, Ill

Thank you, Dave. Others have less insightful criticisms- see below.– Eds.

I don't appreciate "Grubert Cornelius." I think it's dumb. But I love all the sexism, rape sadism/bondage of which you're accused.

A Offutt

"Off-Season." What a waste of pages! I thought such worthless trash had left with "1996."

K Nelson
San Francisco, Calif.

Dump Gray Morrow. Tell Corben to get his ass in gear. "Sindbad" comes close to being the worst comic art ever and no amount of quivering tits 'n' bums will redeem it. The last six covers were simply awful. I hope you didn't *pay* for them.

R Mc Teots
Toronto, Ont

How desperate is the present, deteriorating, and possibly terminal HM! Where has the kink, the funk, the eros gone?

L. Larson
Minneapolis, Minn.

I'm getting sick of the flood of meaningless and poorly drawn schlock that is beginning to pollute your pages. On my garbage list is "Georgik," "Rochberny," "Age of Ages," and "Off-Season."

C Roberts.
Ft Collins, Co

The quality of the writing in your magazine is inversely proportional to the quality of the magnificent illustrations.

B. Walden
Jackson Heights, N.Y

Dip your pens in sunshine, and keep those cards and letters coming, folks. –Eds.

HM

Whew! *Heavy Metal* goes politickal! Bob Aull's "Development of an Intergalactic Corporation" is the finest short piece I have ever seen in your magazine. If more science fiction fans realized that the military and capitalist corporations were actually the biggest enemies of worthwhile and equitable scientific progress, we might be in a hell of a lot better shape today.

Voo sounds too much like Iran, Nicaragua, Philippines, etc. to be comfortable. Ain't cha proud to live in America? *Whamo-bam-shboom!*

Let's have more of Mr. Aull and more commie propaganda.

Loring Wirbel
Tempe, Ariz.

1996
ZZZZ
BAR
WHITE
BAR
ZZZ
1341
WUDA WIN!
1341
F K 28 DAYZ!
1341
STRAYD!
1341
ZZZ
BAR
ZZZ

ZZZ
RODRIGUEZ BARBER SHOP
GROCERY
FIXED TIRES U
ZZZ
PLUMB
1341
GRRR!
GODA GEDDWDA DA WIN!
1341
PLUMBI
1703
743
SCRATCH!
1703

TO BE CONTINUED...

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BOB WAKELIN
'78